THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVIII.—No. 1399

OCTOBER 8, 1930

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

THE LURE OF EGYPT

Drambuie
PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR

THE LEADING LIQUEUR OF THE EMPIRE

Free sample sent on receipt of 12 penny stamps to cover packing and postage.

DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.,
9, Union Street, Edinburgh.

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

The finest Brandy procurable.
COGNAC
ADET
British Agents: Lavender & Langley, Ltd.
ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2

CADBURY
Maker of fine Chocolates

SKATING BOOTS
AS SUPPLIED TO WELL-KNOWN EXPERT SKATERS.
TOM HILL
(Knightsbridge), Ltd.
Sporting Boot and Legging Specialists,
26, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1
(Opposite Knightsbridge Station).

For Speedy Relief from Nerve Pains
GENASPRIN
THE SAFE BRAND

PRICE ONE SHILLING. By Inland Post, 1s. 2d. OFFICES—LONDON: Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2 PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii.

Immaculate

OVERCOATS

As a matter of sheer convenience alone, the speedy service of Moss Bros. is unequalled. But when you consider that not only can you secure a winter overcoat in a matter of minutes, but that overcoat will fit you perfectly and be of the exact shade and texture that you require—it's really remarkable. Overcoats from 5 gns.

MOSS BROS & Co. LTD

NAVAL, MILITARY, R.A.F. & GENERAL OUTFITTERS

of Covent Garden

(CORNER OF KING ST. & BEDFORD ST.) LONDON, W.C.2.

'Phone: Temple Bar 3341 (6 lines).
Wires: Parsee, Rand, London.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

THE BYSTANDER
INVERESK HOUSE,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months including Double Nos.	Three months no extras.
At Home ..	£3 3s. 0d	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Canada ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d	15s. 3d.
Elsewhere Abroad	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
Inveresk House,
346, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander
weekly for ..... months,
commencing with the issue of
.....
for which I enclose .....
Name.....
Address.....
Date 1930

Postage Rates : INLAND 1½d. CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

Golf said the Colonel

TENNIS insisted Sir William.
CROQUET reproved his lady.
BOWLS rumbled the large Stockbroker.
SQUASH barked the Major.
BADMINTON fluted the famous actress.
SWIMMING declaimed the young M.P.
DANCING implored his fiancée.
CINEMA grinned Smith Minor.

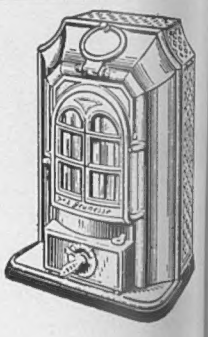
"'Tis well," mused the well-seasoned globe-trotter, "both for their pleasure and for their pockets that they have come to the

PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

—and he strolled into the American Bar.

"ESSE" SAFETY

In thousands of homes and offices, overnight or even during the week-end, the "ESSE" Stove left burning steadily and economically ensures a comfortably warmed room in the morning. Fire is never out. Fill with clean, smokeless anthracite once daily.



Room 14 ft. by 16 ft. well heated for

24 Hours for 4½d.

"ESSE"

Large variety of designs from £2 - 15 - 0 upwards.

Ask for "ESSE" Book and name of nearest Stove Dealer from

SMITH & WELLSTOOD, Ltd., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. Estd. 1854.

Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The Bystander, October 8, 1930

No. 1399. Vol. CVIII

the BYSTANDER

Cigarini

DIANA WYNYARD

Perhaps the most brilliant of our young comediennes, she has made a huge success in the part of Peggy Chalfont in "Petticoat Influence," at the St. Martin's Theatre

Issued by
The Imperial Tobacco Co.
(of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

THE AIRLIE FAMILY IN AMATEUR THEATRICALS D. Mitchell Laing

Members of the cast of "The Bathroom Door," at Cortachy Drill Hall. They are Lady Jean Ogilvy (left), the Hon. Sylvia Coke, Mr. Max Muller, Miss Rosemary Mitford, Lord Sudley, the Earl of Airlie, Lady Margaret Ogilvy, Miss Patricia Morrison-Bell, Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, the Rev. Mr. Rorison and Mr. D. C. Christie

The Passing Hour

THE death of Lord Birkenhead is a gloomy but inevitable start to these notes. His wit, vigour, good looks, ruthlessness, ice-cold brain and magnificent lavishness of himself made their impression on thousands who met him and heard him speak and on millions who read his speeches and saw his photographs. He was easily the best speaker in England, yet never prepared his speeches. That was half the joy of it. It was never known what he would say next. He would pick the opening words of his speech with a vague smile and delicate faltering, and then suddenly swoop on to the victim of his invective with a whoop and a flash of the tomahawk, as someone has described it.

Tastes in Common

LORD BIRKENHEAD never clouded an issue. He dealt with personalities and the personal equation exclusively, and as there is a person, if not a personality, behind everything in life, to that extent he was completely justified. The only opponent who was ever able to stand up to him, and even then one felt there was rather a quaking sensation beneath his chubby white waistcoat, was Mr. J. H. Thomas. They had much in common—a spirit of adventure, a love of cigars and bridge, brilliant brains, cynicism, and an apparently complete disregard for the effect they produced.

Keystone

Lord North, England's oldest peer, who is 94 years old, seen at Wroxham Abbey with his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. FitzGerald. He has decided to sell his famous pack of Bassett Hounds owing to advancing years and the excessive taxation which is now in force

A Famous Speech

EVERYONE who has read anything about Lord Birkenhead's life has seen references to his famous maiden speech on March 12, 1906, in the House of Commons. Few, if any, remember it in detail. Here, then, are one or two sentences taken at random from their context:

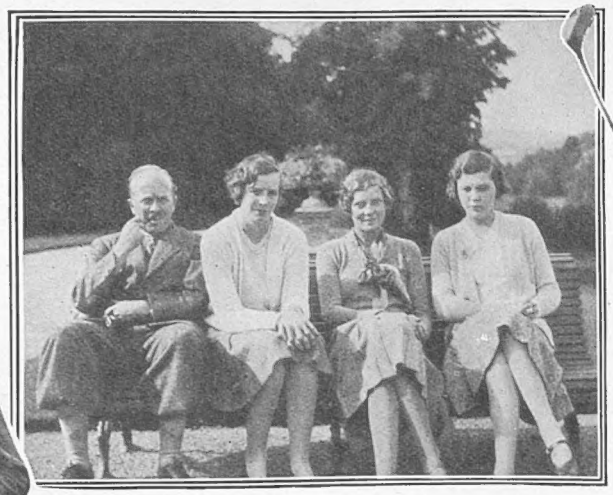
"It is far easier," he said, "if one is a master of scholarly irony and a charming literary style, to describe Protection as 'a stinking rotten carcase'

THE LORDS AND POLITICAL STAGNATION

than to discuss scientifically whether certain limited proposals are likely to prove protective in their incidence."

J. C. H. Balmain

Capt. Dudley Norton, of the 16th Lancers, gives a light to the Hon. Yoskil Pearson, the daughter of Lord Cowdray, on the North Berwick Links



NORTH OF THE TWEED

Mr. Mander (left), Lady Lucas-Tooth and Mrs. Mander. They are seen at Aberlour House with their hostess, Lady Findlay, the wife of Sir Edmund Findlay

Scorn

LATER on he continued, "the Unionist Party need not be discouraged by their reverses at the polls. We will say of the goddess who presided over the polls as Dryden said of fortune in general:

'I can enjoy her while she's kind,
But when she dances in the wind
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away.'"

Now, twenty-four years later, one can hear in imagination every syllable of that ringing, sneering voice, the pitch and cadence of its scorn, as the youthful "F.E." held the House enthralled.

Relegated

IT is tragic that two young men, close friends at Oxford, and intent, then, on making political careers for themselves should within so short a time find themselves relegated at a moment's notice to the House of Lords. I refer to Lord Furneaux, who now becomes Lord Birkenhead, and Lord Dufferin, who until the other day was Lord Ava. To have a peer as a father must be the dream of many people. To them it spells almost complete inactivity in what they had meant to be their career—politics. Luckier is young Randolph Churchill, who has just gone off to the U.S.A. to earn £10,000 in three months by political lecturing. So far at least his father, Mr. Winston Churchill, has shown no wish for a title.

L.N.A.

Miss Betty Nuthall proved luckier than Sir Thomas Lipton, for she won a cup from the U.S.A. and had almost a Royal welcome on her return. She is seen showing the cup she received for winning the Lawn Tennis Championships of America to a young admirer

J. C. H. Balmain

ON THE LINKS

The Hon. Mrs. Christopher Lowther enjoying a round of golf whilst on holiday at North Berwick

The Imperial Conference

NO one can over-estimate the importance of the Imperial Conference now sitting in London, even though certain critics describe it as lopsided and unrepresentative of the Empire as a whole. The two busiest men for the next six weeks will be Mr. J. H. Thomas and the head of the one-man department of Government hospitality whose name eludes me for the moment. He is the successor to Mr. E. E. Beare, who was warmly congratulated on his very big share in the success of

WEDDING BELLS AND RINGERS WARNED

(Left) Viscount Tiverton, the Earl of Halsbury's heir, and his bride, Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart leaving Falkland Palace Chapel after their wedding. The bride is the daughter of the late Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart

(Right) Vera, Countess Cathcart and Sir Rowland Hodge, the shipping millionaire, who were married at Princes' Row Register Office last week. They are seen in the grounds of Sir Rowland's house, Wentworth, Ditton Hill

(Left) The Marquess of Waterford and Miss Margaret Lindsay, whose wedding will take place in London on October 14. The bride-to-be is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davis Lindsay

(Right) The Hon. Drogo Montagu, the younger son of the Earl of Sandwich, and his fiancée, Miss Tanis Guinness. They are seen in the grounds of Hinchingbrooke, Huntingdon, the Sandwich family seat

Photographs P. and A., Keystone and Fox Photos

WILL MR. MACDONALD RISE TO THE HEIGHTS?

Topical

Mr. J. H. Scullin speaking at the dinner given to the Imperial Conference Delegates at the Guildhall, when he forcibly urged a stronger tariff unity between Great Britain and Australia

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

THE Dominion Premiers in their speeches at the Guildhall last week, demonstrated very clearly that the need for closer and better inter-Empire trade relationships is regarded as of paramount importance overseas. Mr. J. H. Scullin, the Prime Minister of Australia, declared, "We can guarantee one another markets of sufficient importance in most commodities to absorb a far greater volume of production than we have yet attained"; and Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Canadian Premier, who was elected to office with the special object of fostering a better understanding in this respect, was equally emphatic and optimistic in his remarks. Our friends from overseas are essentially men of action, and that they will strive their utmost to obtain some tangible results is a foregone conclusion. Will Mr. Ramsay MacDonald rise to the occasion?

Central News

Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. G. W. Forbes, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, leaving the Foreign Office. In his speech at the Guildhall Mr. Forbes expressed the hope that the discussions of economic subjects would not be confined to the expression of pious hopes and generalities, but that something more to the point would be accomplished to benefit inter-Empire trade

L.N.A.

The Prime Minister books a date with Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Canadian Premier, on the steps of the Foreign Office. In a vigorous speech at the Guildhall banquet, Mr. Bennett urged the delegates to work together for a common end

the last Conference. And indeed his task was an arduous one.

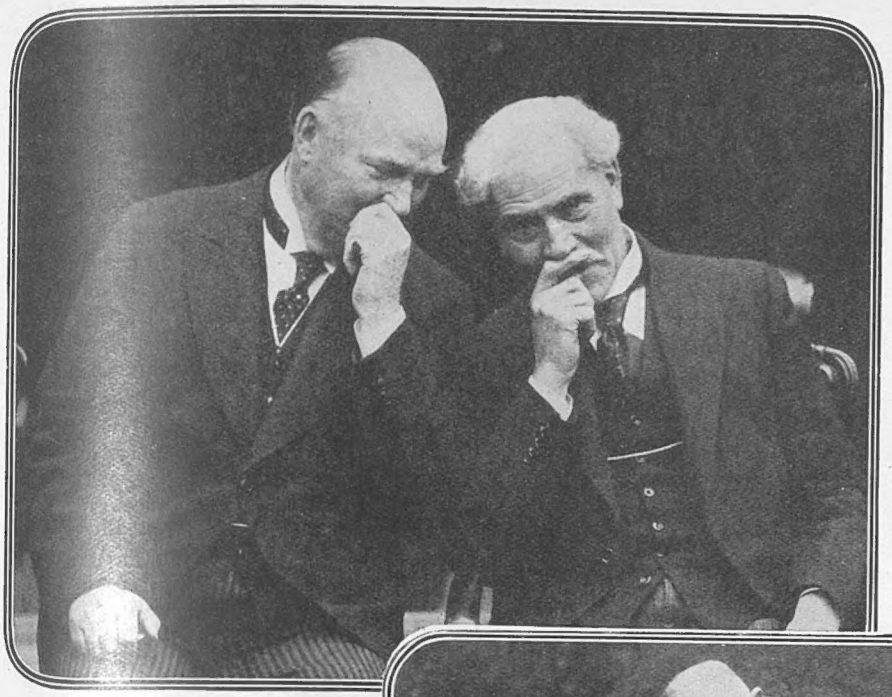
The Prince's Part

THE Prince of Wales will be doing his share of the enjoyable "work" by entertaining the Dominion Premiers and their ministers to dinner parties at York House on October 15, 17, 27 and 28. Once again, no doubt, he will give evidence of his astonishing memory for names and places. Mr. Scullin, the Prime Minister of Australia, will be new to him, unless, that is, in his former profession of journalism he made the Prince's acquaintance. Mr. Scullin is the first journalist ever to reach high political rank in the British Empire, although in America journalism is just as big a stepping stone to politics as the Bar is over here. Yet the journalistic profession affords its followers many more opportunities of seeing things as they really are than do most other callings.

Titled Journalists

IT makes one wonder whether any journalists in England will emulate his example. Would Lord Castlerosse, one asks oneself, be suitable for Cabinet rank? Lord Donegall being a member of the House of Lords is automatically debarred from achieving great eminence in that direction, like the new Lord Birkenhead and the new Lord Dufferin. But what of the other rising lights? One never

OR "JIM" THOMAS SAVE HIM WITH JOKES?



P. and A.

"HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE——?"

Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Canadian Premier, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald caught in an unsuspecting moment. Though far be it from us to suggest that Mr. Bennett is telling the Prime Minister the latest Transatlantic jest, it is obvious that the cares of office have been momentarily set on one side

knows. Lord Hewart was once a reporter.

A First Birthday

THE first anniversary of Quaglino's was celebrated last Wednesday and Thursday by a very smart crowd of guests, probably none of whom had previously tasted camel soup with a flavouring of Chinese swallows' nests, for to such exotic heights the chef had risen for the occasion. Very pleasant it was, though. Royalty was present on this occasion as well as numbers of the young married couples such as Lady Seafield and her husband, the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton and his wife. There was also a large dinner party of twenty-two guests that flanked half one side of the room and exhibited no little exuberance as the evening wore on.

This week, on Thursday, the Kit-Cat also celebrates a birthday, and its patrons are promised a gala night with a mannequin show in addition, staged by Marguerite, of Old Bond Street. Johnny Hamp and his orchestra are proving very successful, especially in their "whispering melody" numbers.

P. and A.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, between jokes, is perhaps reading the Riot Act to Mr. Philip Snowden and Capt. Wedgwood Benn in the garden at 10, Downing Street before the Imperial Conference meets

Lenare

LADY HARDINGE

She and Lord Hardinge have recently returned from Canada where they have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fleming at Ottawa, and are now back at South Park, Penshurst. Lord Hardinge hunts regularly with the Eridge

Milanese Beauties

A ROVING correspondent sends me word of the ever-ebullient Fascists and of Fascist fashions. At Milan he was struck almost conscious by the beauty of the women and the elegance of their clothes. "It was not the clumsy display of a large manufacturing town, but the fashion of Paris." However, Milan, richest town in Italy and virtual capital, can afford to bedeck herself more luxuriously than other towns where the toll of Italy's million unemployed checks extravagance. Unemployed, did I say? Italy has no unemployed; having adopted Mr. Lloyd George's scheme of relief unoccupied workers are enlisted in Government service.

Roma Redivivus

AN English Catholic priest my friend met at Milan said that Italy would be ready for war with France in 1940, and he said it as if he hoped Italy would win. The aggrandisement of Rome was, of course, at the back of the priest's mind, and quite rightly, for what is the use of a religious organisation without almighty power? But what a pity that such pugnacious material should be devoted to the ostensible proselytising of peace. It would seem to be time to be getting back to the days when Cardinals and Bishops had their fingers in the political pie.

Beau Brummels of Florence

IN Florence—pace the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel—my roving friend stood stupefied at the magnificence of the men's clothes. The Via Tornabuoni, the Florentine Bond Street, was bestrewn with a sartorial swagger

THE TOURIST AND ITALY

Lenare

The latest photograph of "June," otherwise Lady Inverclyde. She and her husband have been entertaining a party for the shooting

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

My selection for the Cesarewitch stands, BROWN JACK each way.

Six more for the pocket book are:

TREMENDOUS, a steadily progressive four-year-old. Fighting fit at present. Owner lost heavily over the colt at Newbury, but it was a near thing. Was second to Mylitta in a field of twenty-one over a mile. Was fourth over a similar distance at Yarmouth.

VINCENT, as Lady Kitty Colt, placed three times earlier in the season, was made the medium for heavy speculation at York and looked all over a winner until the favourite got up to win by a head. Wager with confidence when seen out for a five furlong race over a sharper course.

NITSICHIN was heavily backed to win a seven furlong race at Birmingham and, finishing gamely, failed to pass Alexis. This filly was running over one mile 150 yards when running Pretty Missie to a neck at Alexandra Park last month. Follow up with each way wagers.

DAMERHAM would have cost the Newmarket ring £6,000 if he had won. Was well backed at reasonable odds. Showed great promise and losses will be recovered. The distance of the race was five furlongs.

TRINIDAD having pleased in his home gallops, and having put up a fine performance at Goodwood carried big money at Newmarket. Was baulked in a big field and will win with luck on his side.

EARN HILL is coming to himself and was made the medium of extensive "job" business at York. Though running well is certain to do better and should not be missed.

that might have brought awe to Savile Row. Italian tailors really seem able to rival our own, though fortunately for Savile Row it is still the single ambition of every Italian to obtain his clothes in England. In the matter of shirts, no longer black save for patriotic and other causes of display, they certainly have us beaten, especially in price, but fortunately, again, the Italians don't know it. My friend found everything excessively expensive, and this, with the cessation of all nocturnal amusement and their habit of popping inoffensive foreigners into prison on trivial charges has probably assisted in the destruction of their principle trade, the tourist. On the way back my friend stopped on Lake Constance. Above, the Graf Zeppelin made constant tours, with, it was said, prospective purchasers as it is now for sale. Also, there was the Dornier Do.X. hundred-seater seaplane, providing disquieting evidence of the likely obsoleteness of any lighter-than-air craft.

Planet News

Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce, of "Five Husbands" renown. Her recent book, "Men, Marriage and Me," is impertinently "reviewed" on page 66 by a member of the staff

Shamrock's Defeat

WE have been taken to task by Mr. R. L. Henderson, the acting honorary secretary of the Royal Yacht Club, for having stated in a recent issue that Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock V owed her recent defeats when competing for the America's Cup partly to bad seamanship and partly to Enterprise's automatic gadgets. Whilst not disputing the latter part of the statement, Mr. Henderson protests strongly against the reference to bad seamanship. "Captain Heard, who steered Shamrock," he writes, "is one of the best racing skippers, and his crew was a picked one. In the races for the America's Cup Captain Heard placed Shamrock in the weather position on two occasions, as did Mr. Vanderbilt in two other races. In the other race which was sailed the yachts crossed the line with neither in an advantageous position."

The Secret of Success

NATURALLY, we are only too glad to give publicity to observations from so reliable a source, especially as they exonerate the crew of Shamrock from any responsibility in the tragic sequence of defeats. According to the same correspondent, the real cause of the failure was entirely a matter of money, as Shamrock is a yacht costing some £30,000, whilst Enterprise is a vessel costing some £150,000. Thus the Almighty Dollar would appear to be primarily responsible for yet another American triumph.

Innocuous

AFTER all, the "Princess Elizabeth" book is not so outrageous as one was led to suppose by reports that it purported to be her biography. It is true that there is a certain amount of drivel written about her by some woman scribe which could be written by anyone who cared to elaborate the ordinary newspaper reports of her small activities. The rest of the book is a series of stories, fairy and otherwise, totally unconnected with the small daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, which inevitably brings one to the absurd stories about the Prince of Wales's marriage plans, which have been syndicated by the Hearst Press paragraphist under the name of "Gertrude, Lady Decies." This will no doubt find its way into that album of Press cuttings kept by the Prince of Wales dealing with all references to the possibility of his marriage. Something like thirty different names have been linked with his in the past —both English and foreign, Royal

A SUCCESSFUL FIRST NIGHT

A CHARMING QUARTETTE P. B. Abery

The four charming children of the Hon. Geoffrey Lawrence, D.S.O., K.C., photographed whilst on a visit to their grandparents, Lord and Lady Trevethin, at Abernant, Builth Wells. They are: Mary (left), John, Enid and Jennifer

and otherwise—and nearly all of them are those of women who have since married.

A First Night

THE first night of Leslie Henson's farce at the Strand Theatre was full of celebrities. They included the pretty heiress to the Dodge millions; the Ranee of Pudukota, who is shortly going to America, and who is likely to be very much more in the public eye in the near future; Mr. Eric Hatry, the brother of the financier; Mr. Selfridge's son, as well as Mr. Selfridge himself; and Tom Webster. Everyone laughed a very great deal at the nonsensicalities of Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard as female impersonators.

At Supper

MANY members of the audience went on afterwards to the Embassy Club, where they were able to gaze upon the white-gloved beauty of Lady Furness; the good looks of Edythe Baker and her husband, Mr. "Pop" D'Erlanger, who has just returned from being what he calls a commercial traveller throughout the length and breadth of Africa; the bird-like glances of Captain Tim Birkin, the racing motorist; as well as the gigantic figure of Mr. Doubleday, the American guest of Mr. Holland-Martin, and the biggest man who ever entered the doors of the Embassy Club.

Central News

Lord Riddell unveiling the bust of Lord Northcliffe by Lady Hilton Young outside St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in Fleet Street. We feel that the portrait does not truly represent Northcliffe as his friends knew him. Sir Edwin Lutyens designed the plinth

Hay Wrightson

MISS GWEN LE BAS

Whose marriage to Capt. W. Gray Horton, M.C., of the Scots Guards, will take place at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on October 30. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Le Bas, of Bryanston Square, W.1

MY FIRST 2,000 HUSBANDS

(With profound apologies to Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce's book, "Men, Marriage and Me")

CHAPTER I.
MY FUTURE.

Saturday.—All good things come at the week-end, and I am running away from home and coming towards my Future in a train with Mr. Huertin, the World's Greatest Cyclist, and I am going to be the World's Greatest Actress. And Famous. Mr. Huertin says he's not surprised all the boys want to look at me, because you're so pretty, but don't forget, baby, you must be Chaste, always be Chaste. So when a lovely lady went by with a Diamond Bracelet I asked Mr. Huertin if she had not been chaste an awful lot to get that but he only said I must Concentrate on my Carreer. I think I shall give up the stage. You can't do two things at once, at least, not if they're to be real diamonds.

CHAPTER II.
A WIFE.

Friday.—I have started my second Carreer. He is tall and big and rugged and strong, like the scenery on the train in Colorado. His father is the Crockery King of America, the things they put in hotel bedrooms, he says, and he should know, he is a gentleman. Just as we were getting off the train he said, Please Darling I Love you, will you marry me? Why, I said, How could I, I have only known you ten minutes. Then I remembered my Carreer and even crockery bracelets are better than a bare arm, so here I am married. MARRIED. My first Husband. To-morrow morning we are going to the best jewellers in Denver. I think this Carreer is going to be a success.

Tuesday.—My Carreer is broken. My heart is broken. Marriage is awful. Nobody told me. After all, I am only forty-five. I hate men. I hate love. And we never went to the jewellers after all.

CHAPTER III.
ANNULLED.

What, for woman, is Life's Greatest Experience, was here, alas! one of Greatest Tragedy. Let us draw a kindly veil over the sad details of her return home and the annulment of the marriage. There are some things, even in a girl's life, that are best left to the imagination.

CHAPTER IV.
MY FIRST MILLIONAIRE.

Tuesday.—Mother and Granny have sent me to a school at Washington where I am told to learn how to forget my past.

Friday.—There is a big dance to-night. All the other girls have lovely dresses, I have none, but just as I was feeling miserable the handsomest man I have ever seen came up and said True you have nothing on but you are the prettiest girl in the room and I the richest man in the town, will you marry me? Isn't it marvellous?

CHAPTER V.
STORM CLOUDS.

Monday.—Just as I was innocently looking at some hardware by a Mr. Cartier my husband caught me by the wrist and flung me into the street. The Doctors say I shall never, never know woman's Greatest Gift.

Sunday.—I have left my second husband for ever.

CHAPTER VI.
ALONE IN NEW YORK.

Wednesday.—I am penniless in this great big city and I know now that a girl will do things when she is hungry that she never never never would with Money.

Thursday.—I saw Mr. Ziegfeld to-day. He said, let's have a look at your legs, and he said it in such a nice way, just as if he were buying a race horse, that I didn't blush at all.

CHAPTER VII.
DIAMONDS AT LAST.

Wednesday.—There is a man with horn-rimmed glasses who has been in the front row of the stalls every night since we opened the show. Perhaps he is a newspaper proprietor so I'll be certain to see my photograph printed every morning.

Sunday.—The mystery of the horn-rimmed man was solved to-day. I was introduced to him and he pressed a small box into my hand. Inside was a large green Emerald. I have shown the Emerald to a jeweller and he says it is worth twenty thousand dollars, so he will be quite a dependable husband and almost a gentleman. After all marriage is a business so it's best to go into a paying concern.

Tuesday.—I married No. 3 to-day. He gave me a diamond. Dear Diary, at last I have got my diamond.

CHAPTER VIII.
POSSESSIONS.

Thursday.—It's lovely being married again. We have spent a million dollars on the swimming pool, and I sleep in a Maharajah's bed; I mean it belonged to one.

Monday.—I have left No. 3. He was not a gentleman. We are divorcing. He is making the most awful allegations, but my friends are splendid.

CHAPTER IX.
EUROPE.

In the succeeding hundred years our heroine successfully marries and disposes of every available millionaire in the U.S.A. It is at this point that she leaves for Paris, France, "to clean up the saps in the Old World," as she wittily puts it.

Saturday.—Supplies running short here. Got my 1,989th divorce to-day. Sailing to-night Paris.

Thursday.—Married my 1,990.

Friday.—Paris is fine for buying, but I can't find any buyers. 1,990 has gone bankrupt. Cabled Dudley Field Malone.

CHAPTER X.
CORONETS IN LONDON.

Saturday.—Earls are all very well, but coronets look like hell in a night club. Davey called up. He is a Scottish Earl and drinks only water, and when there is no water he just waits.

Sunday.—Davey sent me a basket of orchids, but though I searched in every one there wasn't the smallest diamond. Anyhow, I've been a Countess once.

Tuesday.—Met my ideal, the King of the Diamond World, Mr. Solly Joel, at Deauville. He just took one look at my diamonds and said, Yes, but you should see my wife's. In mortification I started to divorce my 1,999th.

CHAPTER XI.
LOVE AT LAST.

Friday.—I have met him. My Prince, my lover, my No. 2,000. He is Italian, and he taught me how to eat spaghetti, for no girl should be too old to learn anything. Of course, he is a gentleman and a Duke.

Monday.—Married in Rome to-day. Not in the Vatican, as Carlo said he thought it might take them too long to annul 1,999 marriages.

Tuesday.—Carlo made me a jealous scene to-day because I accidentally sat in some ex-King's lap. Cabled Dudley Field Malone.

Wednesday. — Oh, GOD. I'm finished. I'm dead. They say there is no divorce in Italy. NO DIVORCE. Nobody told me. After all, I am only a hundred and fifteen, and nobody told me. I hate men; they are animals. I hate love. I am ruined. Damn Dudley Field Malone.

RICHARD VINER.

ENGLISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP

FAMOUS PLAYERS ON THE LINKS AT ALDEBURGH

Topical

MISS M. LAKE

The Worthing player, completing a powerful drive. In the third round she beat Miss M. Dalton by 4 and 2.

Sport and General

Miss Diana Plumpton (Frinton-on-Sea) approaching the eighteenth green in her match against Miss Judith Fowler, of Harrogate. She won a keenly fought match at the twentieth hole

Topical

Miss Joy Winn (Aldeburgh) in action against her third-round opponent, Miss P. Reed (Minehead). The match resulted in a victory for the former player

Sport and General

Miss Molly Gourlay, last year's winner, and Mrs. John Heaton before they went to the first tee. Miss Gourlay in this match, which she won by 3 and 2, displayed unconvincing form, and was somewhat lucky to win

Sport and General

Miss Enid Wilson driving in the third round. She was severely tested by Miss Heather Palmos before winning by 2 and 1

THE LATE LORD BIRKENHEAD: Episodes in

Planet News

A characteristic photograph of the late Lord Birkenhead, whose death at the early age of 58 has robbed the nation of one of its most able statesmen and brilliant lawyers. Political friends and foes alike have joined in paying tribute to the many remarkable qualities possessed by him

L.N.A.

WHEN HE WAS "F. E." TO THE WORLD

A pre-war picture taken outside the War Office, showing Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., talking to General Seely, who was Minister for War at the time of the Ulster troubles in the spring of 1914

Lord Birkenhead took a ... life to indulge in outdoor ... Majesty at ...

Sport and General

The most pungent orator of his day, he combined a classic style with an ability to hit straight from the shoulder that won him instant honours in the realm of politics. The above photograph was taken at a Primrose League meeting

Yachting figured prominently among ... seen in the above photograph, during ... son, Lady Birkenhead and his two ...

Career of a Great Englishman

L.N.A.

...t and found time i... busy
...here seen talking ... His
...g at Stamford Brid...

Press Portrait Bureau

AS LORD CHANCELLOR

One of the most brilliant lawyers of all time, his appointment as Lord Chancellor marked the zenith of his legal career. He was the youngest Lord Chancellor ever to take his seat on the Woolsack

L.N.A.

Lord Birkenhead always took a keen interest in military affairs. He is seen above in pre-war days as an officer in the Oxfordshire Hussars

L.N.A.

...CE
...uch of his leisure was spent afloat. He is
..., with Commander and Mrs. Locker-Lamp-
...on. Eleanor and the Hon. Pamela Smith

Express Photos

AT HOME

A family group taken at Lord Birkenhead's country home, The Cottage, Charlton Kings, near Banbury. His son, Viscount Furneaux, who succeeds to the Earldom, and Lady Birkenhead are seen with him

AT THE PLAY

HIMS AND HERS—ANCIENT AND MODER

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at the Queen's Theatre

I STRONGLY advise every elderly, middle-aged or youngish person possessed of offspring to take them to the Queen's Theatre to see *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and realise what they have missed by living in anno domini 1930 rather than having been born about a century earlier. These offspring may be under the impression that nowadays parental authority is too much exercised, but after seeing how Mr. Edward Moulton-Barrett, of Wimpole Street, ruled his household with a rod if iron, and how the young folks at home—never allowed out—were treated in those days, I think they will come to the conclusion that, on the whole, father and mother aren't really and truly such fearful spoil sports!

"PRIVATE LIVES," at the Phœnix Theatre

Elyot Chase (Noel Coward) has a few words with his ex-wife (pictured on the opposite page), to whom he has returned

ONE bright young person, on leaving the Queen's Theatre, referring to the behaviour of the head of the household in this play, remarked with conviction, "Of course he was 'gaga.'" But Mr. Edward Moulton-Barrett—father of the poet who eventually became Elizabeth Barrett-Browning—was by no means mad. He was of a type who could have been matched in very many households eighty-five years ago.

FOR these industrial 'forties—despite their vaunted civilisation—were an age of cruelty, when women were mere chattels and wives had no control over their own fortunes. Parental love doubtless existed, but it was sternly suppressed for the good of the infants' souls! It was an age when poor children were factory slaves and their legal emancipation opposed by so "good" a man as John Bright. It was an age when murderers were executed in public, and when the coat-of-arms of paterfamilias should have had quarterings of a Bible and a horsewhip.

IN addition to seeing what will be to them a startling picture of earlier days, modern youth will also see a very fine play. Rudolf Besier, the author, has, in the past, given us some delightful comedies, notably *Don* and *Lady Patricia*, but in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* he has done infinitely his best work.

IT was an inspiration to seize on the story of how Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett was rescued from her hell of a home by the poet, Robert Browning, and given, by the force of his personality, the health which coddling had denied her. Both these characters are vivid, but not more vivid than the lecherous, bullying father who, even when not present on the scene, seems to crush out all semblance of real living in that Wimpole Street house. That rescue is all there is of a story which by the author's artistry has made of it an unforgettable picture.

AND Cedric Hardwicke has helped to portray the parent's portrait to perfection. Such an artist is he that we forget it is a piece of acting; it is the man himself who is before us. Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies showed us the soul as well as the outward appearance of Elizabeth. Marjory Mars—a revolting daughter—and Joan Barry—a simpering miss—struck the Victorian note successfully; while Scott Sunderland made an authoritative Robert Browning.

"Private Lives," at the Phœnix Theatre

NOEL COWARD has done it again! His *Bitter Sweet* has already been seen by 750,000 people, and his latest play, *Private Lives*, which he calls an intimate comedy, should attract another 750,000 to the new Phœnix Theatre.

THIS essay in flippancy is intensely amusing, despite the fact that the story is so thin that at times it is almost lost sight of. To keep the traffic of the

Victor Prynne (Laurence Olivier) and Sybil Chase (Adrian Hisco... own account, which ...

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "PRIVATE LIVES," AT THE PHŒNIX THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

stage moving for a whole evening round so slight a theme could only be accomplished by a dramatist with a supreme sense of the theatre. And that sense Noel Coward possesses.

PRACTICALLY there are only four characters. The principals are an unconventional married couple who sought divorce and then became united in the bonds of matrimony—which it would be out of place to call holy—to a man and woman far more conventional. The divorced pair meet again on the night of their wedding. They have a tiff with their new partners and run off together, leaving the others in the lurch. And Noel Coward secures three acts of smiles, chuckles and laughs out of just that! Wonderful!

STILL more wonderful is the fact that the dialogue on which he, in the main, relies for amuse, when torn from its context, would hardly raise a smile. As an example let me quote, "Certain women should be struck repeatedly like a gong." That, in print, may not appear particularly amusing. Spoken from the stage it created laughter loud and long. And when he wrote it Noel Coward knew that it would do so! Supreme sense of the theatre exemplified once again.

HAVING enjoyed myself seeing (as much as the insufficient rake of the Phœnix stalls would allow me to do) this play, it may seem churlish to suggest that Noel Coward can write a better one than *Private Lives*. I hope he will give us many another like it, always provided that he will not devote *all* his time to doing so. *Private Lives* is as smart as paint, but paint is not an enduring substance. There is much more in life than the quarrels and reconciliations of married couples, and when he chooses to delve a little deeper I am convinced he could write the best comedy of modern times.

AND when he does I hope he will act in it himself. Author Noel owes much to actor Coward. He plays the part of the too much married man as perfectly as Gertrude Lawrence acts that of his first wife. Here, once again, is shown what a fine training is the musical stage. Not only is this actress interesting when she speaks. By dozens of clever touches one can gather what is passing through her mind when remaining silent, which is the essence of good acting. The "conventional couple," a comparatively nebulous pair, played by Adrianne Allen and Laurence Olivier, were entirely adequate.

"Leave it to Psmith," at the Shaftesbury Theatre

A PLAY should, I think, be judged by realising what are the intentions of the author—or authors—and considering whether those intentions have been successfully carried out. It is unfair to criticise a play because, in the critic's opinion, it ought to have been something different.

THERE is not the least doubt as to the intentions—entirely honourable—of Messrs. Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse in their new comedy—which is really farce—called *Leave it to Psmith*, which has been successfully produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Their aim and ambition was to produce harmless laughter without having to exercise the grey matter unduly.

TAKING as a foundation, if I am not mistaken, an old story by P. G. Wodehouse concerning stolen diamonds, they have decorated it with a mass of verbal facetiousness which is often funny and never vulgar. Their sallies would not bring a plush to the brow of a bishop, though he may have remembered some of them! Though I did not find this play as funny as its predecessor, *The Middle Watch*, it will, I am sure, serve its turn.

V. W.

nsolate by their respective spouses, have a disagreement on their ous at the finish

Amanda Prynne (Gertrude Lawrence) the ex-wife of Elyot Chase, breaking a record on the head of her husband (pictured on the opposite page) during the course of their little tiff

EX-SERVICE MOVEMENTS

Central Press

A photograph taken at the fête and garden party at the opening of the Ex-Service Welfare Society's new centre at Eden Lodge, Beckenham. The group shows Capt. T. J. Spence Lyne, C.B., D.S.O., R.N. (retd.), Mr. Ralph Milbourn, Chairman of Ex-Service Welfare Society, Lady Tyrwhitt, Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, G.C.B., D.S.O., Mrs. Ralph Milbourn, Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Wood, Mr. E. Howard, the Secretary of the Society, and Capt. H. Reynolds, V.C., M.C., the superintendent of the new Home

Barratts

A view of the Ex-Service Welfare Society's new centre at Eden Lodge, Beckenham, which was opened recently. An annexe to Eden Manor, it is occupied by badly shell-shocked ex-soldiers who are cared for and trained so ably by the Society

I.B.

THE R.N. DIVISION AT ANTWERP

Members of the Royal Naval Division who took part in the defence of Antwerp in the early days of the war recently revisited the scene of their operations. They are seen above at Fort 4 being addressed by Major-General Sir Archibald Paris, K.C.B., who commanded them

PARIS GOSSIP

FROSTS, FURS AND FILMS

By Sylvia Lyon

SKETCHES BY A. GALLAND

"Dora Stroêva sings, complete with red scarf, guitar, and not one new song"

BRRRRRRRR! If some kind bandit had the interest of Paris at heart he would steal down some night to the press-rooms of the newspapers, chloroform the typesetters, and date the papers one month in advance. Then perhaps a few landlords would unconsciously abrogate an old French custom. No apartments in Paris are heated until October fifteenth, and some of them not before November the first, and, while one may delude oneself in the bright, cold, autumn sunshine, the only internal warmth one may acquire is by sitting down to write about the archaic heating traditions of France.

S

I THINK it a good joke on "Scheherezade" that the management has widely advertised the fact that it is the only ice-cooled night-club in the world. As they have evidently contracted for the publicity months in advance they probably think it is impracticable as well as dishonest to turn off the ice. I would advise the negro band at Florence's, who sing "Turn on the Heat" with as much fervour as though it were a prayer and a new song, to make the rounds of all the Paris night-clubs and see if such musical propaganda would have some effect. And, now that the couturiers are telling you that if your coat-sleeves are not veritable billows of breitschwantz you had better not be seen at all, I wish that Persia would follow Russia's tactics and dump bushels of baby-lamb on the market.

Sport and General

SPAIN AMUSES HERSELF

At this time of the year impromptu bull fights are staged in the streets of many small Spanish villages, when the local inhabitants try their hands as toreadors. In the above photograph the bull has turned the tables very effectively on its tormentors

THE most pleasant place to spend the evening at present is the good old Bœuf sur le Toit, which, like school, is open again, and all dressed up in its winter clothes. The corrugated cardboard walls have discarded their coats of silver paint, and are now wearing whitewash.

S

THE Bœuf is not too hot and not too cold, and is filled with youth, if I am to include Peggy Joyce, who was there that night. The "Eternal Bride" looked positively like a matriarch the other evening in comparison with the dozens of young married and unmarried couples who were dining and dancing there. Among others present were Margot and Kiki Roy, the Canadian Minister's daughters, back from Biarritz and not a bit sunburned. Willie Vanderbilt Junior was there also, but was leaving for London the next day. He was earnestly denying to the eager questioning of a head-waiter that he was his own uncle, Harold Vanderbilt. It seems that in Paris one expects almost anything of Americans.

S

DOWNSTAIRS in the bar, Dora Stroêva sings, complete with red scarf, guitar, and not one new song. To be unkind, I might say that the entertainment is provided by two black duettists, Marino and Morris, who play and sing admirably. But I must admit that this bar presents the most sinister atmosphere of quiet, well-dressed perversity in Paris. It is rather funny to see the door open, young boys and girls peer in, look alarmed, and run back upstairs to be content with staring at Peggy Joyce smothered in diamonds.

"Diamonds that were positively blinding and the largest grey caracul collar in captivity"

SPEAKING of diamonds, I saw Madame Lupesco, the erstwhile amie of King Carol, the other day lunching at Caneton. I happened to be there with some Rumanian friends, and when they said, "Why, there is Madame Lupesco!" I had quite a shock. (Between you and me, she came to Paris after Carol, and said, "Here I am," and moved in. And even a future King has to be a gentleman.) Several times during the past few months I had seen, sitting in the Ritz, a sort of violent-looking woman wearing diamonds that were positively blinding, and the largest grey caracul collar in captivity, but I never suspected that she was Madame Lupesco.

As "Au Caneton" is the restaurant near the Bourse where Madame Hanau used to lunch and dine before she went to prison, and thinking of the fortune she made out of half-witted speculators, probably after eating *blinis*, and seeing the diamonds that Madame Lupesco got out of King Carol, I have decided that Au Caneton is the best restaurant in Paris for girls who are ambitious.

AFTER lunch I went to the Ritz to ask of the "reception" if the Rumanian Du Barry were stopping there. The clerk admitted that Madame Lupesco frequently lunches and dines in the hotel, but as for living there he denied it with as much indignation as though I had asked if Al Capone were a guest of the hotel.

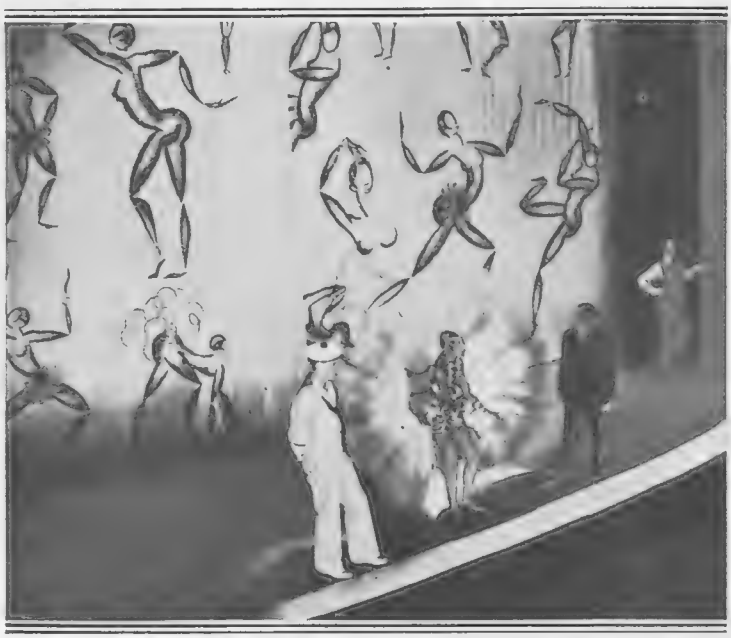
THE following day, at Prunier's, I saw Argentina, the dancer. Now Argentina is one of the greatest artists in the world, is married and has two children to whom she is devoted. She was wearing an old mackintosh and a Legion of Honour ribbon, and I thought that if I am not careful in my observations I shall turn out to be the Editor's "little philosopher," and will be advised to write for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

I FEAR that the entire population of Paris has suddenly taken seriously the admonition to hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil, for I have heard not one word about the Princesse de Broglie's wedding to Don Luis de Bourbon except that when her brother, Constant Say, learned the news over the telephone at his club he fainted dead away. In passing one of the Felix Potin grocery shops I considered suggesting to the manager that he place entwined Spanish and French flags on the dozens of little wooden sugar-boxes stamped "Say" which are spread upon tables outside the shop.

Jean Cocteau, as usual, is in the public eye, and what an eyeful I had the other day! I was lunching at Prince Antoine Bibesco's, and he was unkindly showing to everybody but me a new Cocteau book, "Le Livre Blanc." I asked to see it especially, as the book is illustrated by the author, but Antoine said, "No, you cannot see it, even *after* lunch." I will add that the book, of which only three hundred copies have been printed, is probably now épuisé because everyone to whom I described the illustrations were more than willing to sacrifice their innocence and three hundred francs to Art.

MOTION pictures can have a baneful influence even on traffic. The enlarging of the parking space in the Place de la Madeleine has resulted in making the site resemble Le Bourget the night when Lindbergh landed. After several years in Paris I have discovered that one can temporarily prolong one's life by descending the Métro station on one side of the boulevard and coming up on the other. But you can imagine what this spot looked like the other night during a performance of the Hollywood Revue at the Madeleine cinema. The film threw the French audience into a paroxysm of rage. The manager announced that any dissatisfied spectator could get his money back at the box-office. The brotherhood of man was at once displayed when four hundred people dashed out.

S. L



P. and A.

Josephine Baker, the coloured actress, whose popularity in the Paris music-halls is as great as ever, seen on the stage of the Casino de Paris, where she is appearing in revue

"The brotherhood of man was at once displayed when four hundred people dashed out"

BY STARR WOOD

"I'm afraid you won't find anything larger at this price, Madam: the only other thing I can suggest is Lansbury's Lido"

Lea Seidl in the name part of "Frederica," at the Palace, greets Johann Goethe (Joseph Hislop) from the window of her room in the Parsonage at Sesenheim. The music is by Franz Lehar, of "Merry Widow" fame

If — — —

BECAUSE John Norton-Griffiths hated equivocation of any sort and never pretended there was no difference between black and white (or between white and red) his enemies called him a jingo, a reactionary, and heaven knows what else. He was, in actual fact, the kindliest of men, who, though a fighter in every sense of the word all his life, hated war, as anybody who is not a congenital idiot must do. But when war came he realised that one should throw one's whole heart and soul into it, and that in war and peace alike one should back the land that gave one birth and not argue against it, load up its enemies with canting praise, let the foreigner flourish at its expense, and play any and every sort of game that leads to "defeatism."

ONE of my favourite fairy stories is that Hans Andersen told of the Emperor without any clothes. You remember how an Emperor of China walked along the streets of old Pekin stark naked, having declared that he would wear a robe so marvellous in its artistic perfection that only the thoroughly cultured could see it at all. And how the flatterers and the highbrows and the cognoscenti generally fell into ecstasies about its glorious texture, its lovely design, and so forth. And how a small child, with the disconcerting honesty of tender years, suddenly said: "But the Emperor has no clothes on at all!" whereupon everyone burst into laughter and agreed.

A "close-up" of Lea Seidl, the brilliant Austrian actress, whose playing and singing in "Frederica" have captivated London

POOR Sir John Norton-Griffiths, who has died so tragically, is a sad loss to the Empire and to the Unionist Party, for he was a man of action. He believed not only in talking patriotism but in doing patriotic things. "He was vehement and a little theatrical as a speaker" runs one obituary notice, "and his meetings were often rowdy." That is true. I accompanied him on the platform at one of them, and we had a lively time of it, for no sooner had "Jack" suggested that the Union Jack was something worth living for and even dying for than the Reds in the audience, splendid fellows, threw a football at him.

He was very fond of football, and was a director of the Arsenal Football Club. But as a political argument he did not see the force of it. The football was followed by the singing of what our Socialist friends call the "Internashunarly" and of the "Red Flag," which our present Prime Minister sang on May 1, 1926, in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. That was what Mr. Ramsay MacDonald called "standing together to overcome the meanest conspiracy against fair-play to Labour"—i.e., the uprising of the English nation against revolution. Now that he is a Prime Minister those red views have toned to a pale pink.

I THINK there is need for that small child in Chelsea and other artistic quarters of London today. For I would direct your attention to the near-by photograph of the sculpture of Mr. Skeaping. Now, Mr. Skeaping obviously knows the technique of his job, for without it he could not have won the Prix de Rome and various other academic distinctions. I know it is

Gossip We Must.

By A. Smith

Hostess: "I'm afraid I can't eat fish, but I do my best to make up for it. As you see, my table-centre decoration on Fridays is always a bowl of goldfish"

the fashion just now in all the arts to despise academic distinction, but let that pass. Such antinomian attitudes are at any rate harmless. But what is ever such a nuisance is when people who can do good work won't, and, what is still worse—and partly the result of it—is when people who could never do good work if they tried turn out tripe and expect everyone to fall down in adoration before it.

THE surprising thing is that so many people actually *do* adore tripe, whether it is tripe in stone, in paint and canvas, on paper, or in sound. Nasty dumpy, humpy blocks of stone, with scarcely any relation to the human form, even in its least divine condition, are not only silly but extremely easy to fashion, which is not a bad test. Perhaps one day a small child will look at such things and cry, "But this isn't art at all!" But it would have to be an uncannily wise child. And the cognoscenti of Chelsea, a supremely self-satisfied crew, would be more likely to smack him than to agree with him.

THE Café Royal announces its intention of going back to the fin de siècle atmosphere and, gathering unto itself the distinguished Bohemians of the type of those who made it famous in the rather long ago. A good idea—if genuine descendants are forthcoming. Oscar and Willy Wilde, Gus Moore, Charles Conder, Aubrey Beardsley, Frank Harris, Crosland, and the rest of them did mean something. But who are available to fill their places? Augustus John is a big man, and although his pictures this year have been quaint affairs, he can paint superbly when he wishes. But the Lord preserve us from the demi-Johns, the host of incompetent imitators, who imagine that if they sit and talk rot for an hour and a half in a comic tie over a small lager they are picturesque geniuses out of the pages of Henri Murger.

THE trouble is that so many of our "brilliant" young men do not even do this. They do not drink at all. Now, there is no particular virtue in drinking as such, and if a man wishes to avoid alcohol, for the

Jane Baxter, who plays the part of Eve Halliday, beloved of the hero, Ronald Eustace Psmith (Basil Foster), in the new farce, "Leave it to Psmith," successfully produced last week at the Shaftesbury Theatre

Janet Jevons

By George Whitelaw

LESLIE HUTCHINSON

A study of the debonair coloured minstrel, whose songs at the piano are universally popular. He is now singing at Romano's every evening

sake of his purse, his stomach, or his principles, or all three, by all means let him. But I do venture to say that our 1930 miming-prancing boys will never be Bohemian on barley-water, and that the old atmosphere of the Café Royal will never be regained by a generation which orders a fruit sundae instead of a bottle of wine, and is more interested in Elizabeth Arden than in Johnny Walker.

To the theatrical boom just now may be added the restaurant and dance-club boom. These places are now going with a bang. In the musical sense with far too big a bang. For the jazz bands, which last year tended to tone down a bit, are now more obstreperous than ever. Beyond a doubt 95 per cent. of the patrons detest a band which kills conversation as effectively as a pneumatic road drill, and is just about as musical. Look round any restaurant at supper-time and you will see people with agonised faces positively cringing before the devilish din They ask piteously for the band to play less loudly. But to no purpose. Indeed, the only result of a protest is usually that a fiend with a trumpet or a trombone actually stands up and, with a spot of limelight on him, blows more loudly than ever.

There are exceptions. The band at the Embassy plays softly, and so does the band at Toby's. Yet these are two of the best bands in London, and I have never heard people complain that it is difficult to dance to them. At Toby's, by the way, they have an afternoon attraction in the form of Midget Golf, which is fun, and quiet fun, too. Tallulah Bankhead, svelte, pale of face, and remarkably lovely in black, with a black hat perched at the back of her head (this, I gathered, is the dernier cri), opened the new course and, what is more, beat Sandy Herd. Kathleen Lady Drogheda, Lord Moore (who is devoted to music), Col. "Chris" Eliot, who is Lord St. Germans' brother and was for many years a big man at the passport office, and a representative sprinkling of the Corps Diplomatique, are among the Toby's golf devotees.

London is to lose a popular figure in M. Paul Grosfils, who entertains so charmingly in his flat in Conduit Street, attends first-nights, is an authority on literature, and is a popular member of the Arts Club. M. Grosfils has for many years been the London manager of the Air Union,

"I WILL ROAR YOU LIKE ANY SUCKING DOVE"

According to the "Daily Mail," Herr Adolf Hitler, the leader of the National-Socialist Party in Germany, is not the firebrand his speeches and actions suggest, but a mild, peaceable reformer.

Oh, do not be deceived
By the tales of late received,
Declaring the Herr Hitler is a firebrand,
Why, the rumour is absurd
And we pledge our solemn word
That he's one of the "Blush-Coyly-and-Retire" Brand.
In fact, so meek and mild his feelings are
That he dearly loves a bill and coo d'Etat

Oh, do not heed reports
That assert Adolf resorts,
To dear old Junker ways of sabre-rattling.
Though he boasts in manner grand,
"Heads will soon roll in the sand,"
That's only just his simple boyish prattling,
And all talk of war and strife evokes his frown—
He would be SO cut up were men cut down!

So do not take alarm
At this man of quiet charm,
But view his little habits Carmelightly,
For Hitler has a mitt
With no accent on the "Hit,"
So you can sleep in perfect safety nightly
And, now we know the truth, we'll never quail
When Adolf shakes his fist of (Daily) Mail!

B. W

By Webster Murray

"This, madam, is Anthony Sewer's latest novel"
"How thrilling! What immoral does it point?"

Planet News

IS THIS ART?

Mr. John Skeaping and his wife at work on figures to be shown at a joint exhibition of their work. The "modern" work seen above suggests the rude carvings of the Neolithic rather than the Neo-Georgian age, and certainly seems to indicate that Art is going back to Methuselah for inspiration

and those who have travelled by this French line between London and Paris have, many of them, much reason to be grateful for his courtesy and consideration. He has resigned, for pressure of other business compels him to live in Paris.

IF Sir Henry Wood goes to South Africa—he is contemplating that trip—for a holiday, he can go with the pleasant feeling that he has amply earned one. Is there a man in England with a greater passion for work? His work is always so sound, so effective, and, frequently, so brilliant, and he is always modest about it.

THE "Proms." at the Queen's Hall came to an end last week. Just think of what Sir Henry has accomplished since they started in August! New works, old works, symphonies, concertos—all have been performed by the dozen without any breakdown, without the conductor missing a performance, and, frequently, with just that brilliance that a few deny him simply because he is "safe." In addition to that, Sir Henry studies scores, runs the Norwich Festival, orchestrates and re-orchestrates, does his professional work, paints good pictures, makes a table, or a roof, or a window at his place at Chorley Wood without thinking any more of it than you or I would of lighting a cigarette; and, with it all, finds time to be a delightful host and a simple and utterly unaffected gentleman.

MOST delighted am I, and so are all his many friends, that Robert Courtneidge has recovered from his serious illness. To mark that recovery appears his volume of memories, "I Was an Actor Once" (Hutchinson: 12*s.* 6*d.*). What "Bob" Courtneidge does not know about the theatre, with which he has been connected as actor, manager, producer, playwright, and Heaven knows what else, for well over half a century, is not worth knowing. Here it is all set down—and none of it set down in malice. This is a book for all to read, and for those of the author's own profession to read and read again and to keep for ever handy on their shelves.

I HEARD of a very clever call at Contract Bridge the other day. Z dealt and made an original call of 5 diamonds; A, on his left, said "No bid"; Y (Z's partner) went 6 diamonds; and B (invulnerable) called—What? Well, what would *you* have said holding 7 hearts to the ace, king and 6 spades to the ace queen? B, a very good player, called Grand Slam in Diamonds. Of course, on this call his partner must rescue him. He could not take him out in clubs, and therefore had to call his longest suit in hearts or spades, which he did. This was doubled, and the rubber was saved at the expense of two hundred points.

A new portrait of Ursula Jeans, who is now paying her first visit to America. She is playing lead in the production of "The Man in Possession," in New York

Peter North

Above is seen a panoramic view of Cairo where the minarets and domes of the East intermingle with the modern buildings such as the Egyptian State Railway Offices, seen in the bottom photograph. But despite the inroads of Occidental business methods, the changeless East is still much in evidence in this city, and the "true sons of the Prophet" still observe their religious customs, as is seen by the photograph inset, which shows the Holy Carpet on its way to Mecca

Photographs, Egyptian Travel Bureau and Keystone View

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST: Cairo, the Beautiful City of Strange Contrasts

Keystone

THE SPHINX AND THE HONEYMOON

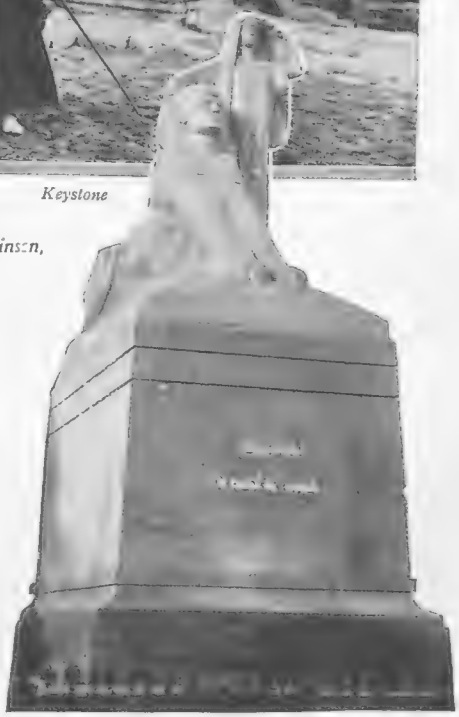
Mr. and Mrs. John Roland Robinson photographed at the Sphinx whilst honeymooning in Egypt. Mrs. Robinson, who was formerly Miss Maisie Gasque, is the heiress to the Woolworth millions

EGYPT FOR THE WINTER

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

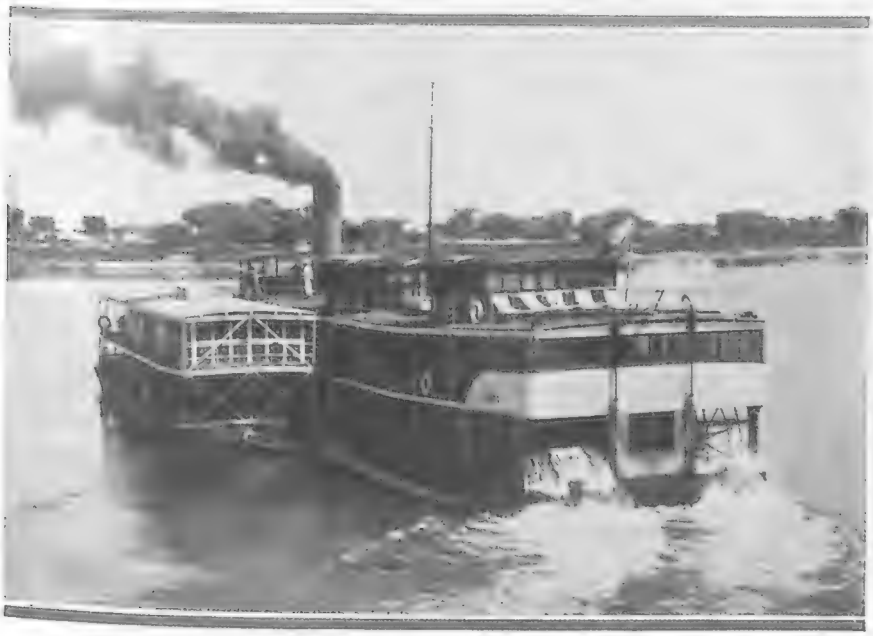
THERE are not many people in the club to-day. One or two officials listlessly turning the pages of the illustrated papers; a couple of business men grumbling over the latest stupidity at head office ("Why don't the blighters take a trip out here instead of writing chits from London?"); the silent club servants in white caftans and crimson tarboushes one's only comfort.

THE summer has been trying—the usual heat, dust, flies and bad temper. What was it my editor said in his covering letter? "Give my love to——." No! That's the wrong page. Here it is. "For heaven's sake try to be original." That's the way fellows talk who have not had to live out here through the dry season. Dry season; that's an idea. Ali! another whisky—and not too much soda.



Express Photos

"The Awakening of Egypt," the striking statue which stands in Station Square, in Cairo. It was unveiled two years ago by King Fuad



UP THE NILE TO KHARTOUM

The steamer "Gedid" making her way up the Nile. The property of the Sudan Government Railway, she plies between Khartoum and Juba

EGYPT, to me, is like a tantalising woman. Not very original? But it is true. And, anyway, it is original to me, for I've called the country lots of things this summer, but never that. Egypt is a tantalising woman, and I love her. As temperamental as a film star, as fascinating as an experienced mondaine, as alluring as half that. She is the hostess with perfect poise. Feeling her best when she is looking her best; looking her best when she has

to entertain. And, like the woman she is, revealing much—but not everything—so that the guests, when they have departed, will feel they want to come again.

They call it the secret of the Sphinx. It is no secret; just a little feminine mysteriousness.

S

SHE is beginning to look her best now, my Cleopatra. Her guests will be arriving next month. They will want to be amused, allured, mystified. The malaise of summer, the irritations, the political quarrels have been forgotten; the parched face has revived under its beauty treatment (mud-packs for tired river beds); the cooler breezes are blowing at last from the north, over a bluer Blue Nile: the big hotels are having their final touches of perfection; there are hints of the engagement of this and that cabaret star; rumours for the new opera season; talks of gala nights and dîners fleuris; revivals of old scandals and anticipations of new activity among the dragomen; bustle among the tourist agencies. In the stillness of Thebes and in the Valley of the Kings, the old Pharaohs are whispering. The spirits of Egypt's ancient gods are smiling, as they have smiled down the ages, at this repetition of human activity. In short, the winter season for visitors has arrived.

S

IT lasts from October to April. And, since Egypt and the sentient Nile are synonymous from the visitor's point of view, November and December are the best months. For then the river is at its loveliest, and navigation is best suited to sightseeing.

You will need a month—two months is twice as good—to know something of Egypt's many facets; some money, horrid thought; and an infinite capacity for absorbing various interests. A lunar month, let us say, for the adjective is right for a feminine Egypt so alluring in the steely blue and silver of its own moonlight nights. Twenty-eight days is allowed for the comprehensive journey outlined in "Egypt and the Sudan," the useful publication just issued by the Tourist Development Association of Egypt.

Topical

A busy scene in the Bazaar section of Cairo, where the primitive open-air shops and old houses serve as a reminder of the Egypt of the past

You can get it yourself from the Egypt Travel Bureau in London (at 60, Regent Street), so that a bare outline will suffice here. The tour is calculated from Marseilles, Genoa, or any of the other Mediterranean ports easily accessible by express from London, to Port Said or Alexandria, and the itinerary, of course, takes in Cairo, Luxor and Assuan. It costs £73 10s.

S

THE quickest way to Egypt is to fly. Imperial Airways do the journey from Croydon to Alexandria in 60 hours. With plenty of time at one's disposal there is the all-sea route from England, lasting from 10 to 13 days; or, for those who do not like the sea, there is the all-land route over Europe to Constantinople, via Asia Minor (Alleppo, Haifa and Kantara) direct to Cairo in eight days.

S

WITH more time to play with, one can "do" the Nile in luxury and at leisure by Cook's river steamer. Thomas Cook's advise a twenty-day cruise from Cairo to Assuan; or a fourteen-day voyage starting from Asyat, in which case the two hundred and fifty miles between Cairo and Asyat are covered in six hours in a comfortable Pullman train of the Egyptian State Railways.

S

WHICHEVER way one chooses this strip of the Nile's two thousand-mile course is the Vale of the Mysteries. Here lie as much of the secret past as we can know to-day; Thebes, Karnak, Luxor, and the Valley of the Kings; the temples and handiwork of great Rameses; the Ptolemaic remains; Assuan, with its innumerable islets painted in the most delicate of water-colours by Nature in its gentlest mood; Philæ, to my mind the most appealing of them all; that mighty wonder of the modern world, the Assuan Dam.

S

FOR those fortunate ones with still more time to call their own, Assuan is but the jumping-off place for another journey which is an education in itself where unsolved problems of Empire trade and Empire development are concerned: through Nubia to the vast Sudan, which is entered at Halfa.

S

THE Nile voyage is for those who have not yet visited Egypt, or for those who are not satiated with one glimpse of these mysteries. As a contrast there is the modernity of fashionable Cairo, the races at the Gezira Sporting Club and Heliopolis, gala nights at Shepheard's, lawn tennis tournaments, golf, the social round. And then, as a tribute from Youth to Age, a short ride out to the Pyramids and the Sphinx by moonlight.

THE CHANGELESS DESERT Sport and General

A camel caravan halted beside the Suez Canal. The "Ship of the Desert" still traverses the trackless sandy wastes, as it has done from time immemorial, and will doubtless continue to do throughout the ages to come

BY L. M. WEINGOTT

DAWN

A Famous Pack

The Pytchley, which hunts country in Northants and Leicestershire, in full cry following a meet at Ki... s. The ...int-Mast... Lieut.-Colonel J. G. Lowther and Mr. R. L. Tre...

(Copies of this coloured print, by F. A. Stewart, proofed on plate paper, may be obtained from the publisher's House, 316,

BY F. A. STEWART

ACK—THE PYTCHLEY

The Pytchley country, much of which is strongly fenced, requires a first-rate hunter to survive a run successfully. int-Masters of this pack, which comprises sixty couples of hounds

316, Strand, W.C.2, at 10/6 each, post free, and a limited number of artist-signed proofs at £1 1 0 each, post free)

BARRIE ON TOBACCO

From "My Lady Nicotine."

Nothing is more pitiable than the way some men of my acquaintance enslave themselves to tobacco. Nay, worse, they make an idol of some one particular tobacco. I know a man who considers a certain mixture so superior to all others that he will walk three miles for it. Surely everyone will admit that this is lamentable. It is not even a good mixture, for I used to try it occasionally; and if there is one man in London who knows tobacco, it is myself. There is only one Mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild, yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once, you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out of it. Then I telegraphed to London for more, and was miserable until it arrived. How I tore the lid off the canister! That is a tobacco to live for.

Craven

MIXTURE TOBACCO

MADE BY CARRERAS LIMITED, LONDON

Ordinary or Broad Cut. Average Tins 2 oz. 2/9, 4 oz. 4/10. Also in Cartridge form.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

EPISODE

By

URSULA BLOOM

Illustrated by

FRANK OLDHAM

To Dollie Vandeleur Johnny epitomised love, romance, the bright and glittering star in the dullness of her firmament. He flashed into her life and suffused her being with the flame of youth. Three years before she had married Robin. Now she did not know why.

Across a small table in one of the more select restaurants she confessed to Johnny, immaculate in tails and starched shirt front, his hair gleaming with brilliantine.

"I was a fool, a kid. I thought Robin would be my only chance."

"You poor little devil. Why didn't you wait for me?"

"Why?" hammered her heart. "Why?" she whispered across a round goblet of champagne, amber-clear.

She had been so alone. She had been companion to a dotty old lady who did crochet work and loved Landseer's pictures and had a plush and pampas personality. It had been unbearable, a grim routine that crushed the soul out of her.

She had first met Robin at one of the hotels where they stayed. He was there with his mother, preparatory to leaving with his ship for the China station. Across the tired lounge their eyes met. Robin, bronzed, heavy, and typical of the sea, his mother a little wisp of a woman, blossomy in her maturity. She gave you the impression of flowered ninon and fichus, and of white diamonds on elegant fingers that did not do crochet. It was Mrs. Vandeleur who got to know Dollie and introduced her to the son. Dollie liked him. He had a direct way of looking at you. He gave you the impression of tremendous strength, solemn, silent, a man who had never known youth and yet would never be really old. Dollie, with a year's "companioning" to a dotty old lady behind her, and perhaps another forty years of it ahead, felt attracted. She had had a wretched fifty-two weeks in so-called private hotels. She was pitiably used to the old ladies who flocked therein. Old ladies who tatted, and talked scandal, and surreptitiously used electric irons against all rules in their bedrooms. Genteel poverty. Yet this was what lay ahead of Dollie, unless something happened. Robin happened.

"I'm not in love with you," she admitted.

"I'm desperately in love with you," he told her, "I loved you the first moment I saw you across that awful lounge. Mother knew that."

She became reticent. "I—I don't understand your mother," she admitted with truth.

"She's a dear. She's had a sad life because hers wasn't a love match. There was always somebody else. You'll love her, Dollie." But Dollie, used to old ladies with plush personalities, could not understand flowered ninon and tagel.

"You'd better be married before he sails," his mother suggested.

THE marriage flashed through her life. Standing in a little grey church, Robin in uniform, herself in white, smell of orange flower and myrtle blent into a divine essence.

Somewhere a dotty old lady protesting vigorously over her crochet.

"To think you could leave me like that. I thought you were really fond of me. After all I've done for you, too."

All she had done! Thirty pounds a year and Patience every night from eight till ten-thirty. What a prison for youth!

There was a hurried honeymoon in a country village, Springsweet. She recollected the hours alone with Robin. Realising for the first time that she was afraid of him. He had none of the gaiety of her spontaneous youth, but then he was forty to her merry twenty. He did not dance, he did not frivol. He was tolerant of all these things, but he seemed to her troubled mind to be more father than husband. When the ship sailed for two and a half years on the China station she suffered a pang. She did not want him to go so far. He represented her stake in the world, and she wanted him to stay. Somehow she could not go back to crochet and Landseer. She could not exist in private hotels and smug boarding houses, on indifferent food and senile companionship.

It was her mother-in-law who suggested the small house in one of the smart precincts of a gay little seaside town.

"A home means so much to a woman," she said.

Dollie linked a home with age. It was matronly. It was a fetter upon liberty, a check upon her action. With a home came the attendant servant troubles and all manner of responsibilities. She had never had love and romance, for Robin represented neither. He stood for opportunity. Her days had been spent at a dull school and later at home with a duller aunt, whose death had shipped Dollie out into the companioning of the dotty old lady. That wasn't youth Dulled brilliance, enthusiasms quenched. It was, rather, a manacled freedom. Dollie with her slim wedding ring on her small finger had not felt married, but she thought the house would make her feel like it. The hurried idea occurred to her that that was how her mother-in-law wanted her to feel. It was only natural. Robin's mother wanting her son's happiness, and all mothers associated happiness with a wife cooking a good meal, and a neatly dusted drawing room.

But the little place was exquisite. A sitting room of pewter grey, with all the pansy hues splashed into it. A cream dining-room, a loggia gay with orange wicker-work It gleamed with the gold of parquet and the ruby glow of old oak. It was a lovely little house, but wilfully Dolly persisted in thinking of it as a prison.

Then she met Johnny.

JOHNNY was episodic. He was young, rich and unmarried, and he spent his carefree existence in consoling the wives of officers conveniently stationed at outposts of empire. He was too good-looking to be true. Tall, supple with hair like satin and hands like silk. He was Lobb and Hawes and Curtis, he had all the cynical glitter of the bright young people.

He met Dollie at a dull dance. Saw her drooping in a wicker chair near the band, a whimsical little creature in green, with a Titian head. He thought of her as Nereid. and she attracted him. He went over to her, leant across her chair.

"We don't seem to know each other," he drawled, "it's such a pity."

She was startled. In really nice private hotels people don't do that sort of thing.

"But it's quite all right," he assured her as he drew her into his arms. "Let's dance."

They moved rather than danced, and she gasped a little breathlessly, "I'm afraid I'm out of practice."

He held her closely. "To dance well," he said, "you have to know love. I'll teach you both."

(All rights strictly reserved)

What did he mean? She felt the quickening of a pulse. She felt a bewildering oneness with him.

Afterwards in the garden swooning with the scent of Hugh Dixons, and a moon pale with loveliness above them, he kissed her. As he released her Dollie awoke to the fact that she had never been kissed before.

AFTER that the house was no longer prison but rather the palace for her love. She did not pine for the day that would bring Robin's ship back, but dreaded it. She knew that she ought to have married Johnny if only she had met him in time. He was glamorous and scintillating, he had flashed into her life, her dull Landseer-cum-crochet life, and he cast a spell over her. Johnny for his part delighted in teaching virginal beauty about love, and Nereid and Titian always attracted him. He made a fine art of it, never carrying the thing too far, always leaving the greatest caress ahead. Anticipation, Johnny told himself, was the only icing on life's cake.

"You must always wear green," he told her, "it's your colour. You are always Persephone and never Ceres."

So Dollie wore eau-de-nil, and reseda, and jade, and cultivated personality.

They dined together at exclusive restaurants. They danced at clubs, they went to Hurlingham, to Ranelagh, to Henley. They drifted through a delirious summer, he showing her a new world, and she believing her infatuation to be romance, and him Adonis. His cynicisms bewitched her, his sophistication was enchanting to her simple mind.

"Yet you make me feel such a fool," she reminded him.

"Better be a lovely fool than an ugly sage."

He gave her frocks, for he was rich and fastidious about her appearance. The dresses were modern, part of the gay enchantment. All the while she believed that fate had dazzled him across her path, brought her to this town where he lived, made him fall in love with her. Glorious romance, sparkling episode. Yet more than that. She could not give him up, for he meant everything to her. The world would be void without him. They had met either too soon or too late. Something would happen. She comforted herself with the eternal hope of youth that somebody would do something about it.

Mrs. Vandeleur came to stay. She came for a week-end every few weeks, and during her visits the romance was banished. Dollie did not trust herself with Johnny before this older woman. She was sure that her mother-in-law would sense the ravages of her emotion for him. She was a worldly wise woman, she had seen much of life, and from her Dollie did not hope to hide this tragic love that eddied through her.

"She'd guess," she urged.

"Well, why not? It might send her flying. This is the day of the survival of the fittest."

"Don't you see? She would know that we loved each other."

"Some people live to a ripe old age and are still only green," he suggested.

BUT Dollie stood firm. As it was impossible to exist for a whole week-end without a glimpse of him, he came to tea on the Sunday. Mrs. Vandeleur liked him. She said that she thought he was a nice boy.

"He is twenty-seven," Dollie reminded her.

She nodded. "Not an old twenty-seven. He's passing through a phase. Most of us do that." Perhaps she saw the look in Dollie's eyes, for she put out a remonstrative hand. "You like him?" she asked.

Dollie had to masquerade.

"I think he is rather silly at times."

"Isn't cynicism always silly?"

When Mrs. Vandeleur came to stay Dollie kept the dresses that Johnny had given her hung in her cupboard, and she hid his photograph in the spare room drawer under the best table mats and the tea cosy the parlourmaid gave her at Christmas and which she dare not throw away. She eradicated all trace of Johnny with praiseworthy detail, perhaps too much detail.

Yet when Mrs. Vandeleur had gone the exquisite romance went on glistening and flashing.

Here was Robin's letter and the fateful news that his ship was under orders to sail for England. He wrote with a new tenderness, for soon he would be back in the darling little house with his beloved wife again.

Dollie was dismayed. Robin, when she was suffering from a surfeit of crochet and Landseer, was an entirely different proposition from Robin after she had been carried along on the spangled wings of romance. It meant sacrificing Johnny. It meant the end of the beautiful passion; no more dancing together, gliding in harmony to syncopated rhythm. No more green days at Hurlingham, and river-sweet noons at Henley. No more long-drawn kisses.

It was the end, unless. . . . An idea quivered within her. Supposing that Robin could be persuaded to give her her freedom. Supposing that she could marry Johnny. The thought flickered like candle flame within her heart.

"He was Mannequin, a pup, his cynicisms were the cheapest"

"We'll meet sometimes," said Johnny across a tiny table at the exclusive dance club. "This isn't the end."

"I can't live without you," she protested.

She stared at him with hollow eyes, across two tiny cups of pungent coffee, and a silver bowl in which a single brown orchid arched and writhed. It was snakish, insidious, and it made her shudder.

"You shan't live without me. You shall meet me just the same. We'll have little jaunts—Ranelagh, Ascot, Lord's."

"We mean so much to each other," she said timidly, "I

was wondering if I explained to Robin, if we could not persuade him to let me divorce him?"

"He wouldn't," said Johnny quickly.

"If he wishes me to be happy surely he would!"

"I am not sure that divorce brings happiness," said Johnny, sipping his coffee languidly, "It's disillusioning."

"If we were married. . ." she began pathetically.

"That would spoil it all." He was a connoisseur in episode. Passionate kisses, long caresses, but no more. The advantage of the married woman romance was that nobody expected you to marry her. The lights lowered, centred on one white spot light forming an island of glittering parquet in the centre of the club floor. Two half nude figures swirled themselves into it. "Oh, excellent!" said he, "cabaret," and ignored the hard brightness of tears in her eyes.

IT was a grey morning at Portsmouth when she and her mother-in-law met the ship. Dollie was apprehensive that Mrs. Vandeleur might notice the redness of her eyes.

"I've been awake all night with toothache," she explained elaborately.

The ship came in, grey sloping shadow against water that was dark with autumn. She saw Robin standing on the bridge and a faint appreciation filled her. There was something rather commanding about him. Later she met him on the gangway, a browner Robin, with that kind look in his eyes that she had half forgotten.

They went down to his cabin. It was difficult this, strange, she felt shy about his kissing her. The caress was given tranquilly. There was none of the sucking rapture of Johnny, something that in a serene way thrilled her even more. They drank cocktails in a gaily cretonned cabin, and she remembered that she had stitched those cretonnes for him before he sailed, and how sweetly grateful he had been. He was beautiful in his humble simplicity. He reminded her of a faithful spaniel with quiet and tranquil eyes. Then the memory of Johnny came back to her and pierced her through. The urge for his flame of youth smote her. Robin was set, mature. She wanted the bright gilding of Johnny rather than the honest fidelity of a spaniel.

The days of leave swept them along.

They were confusing days because she was attracted to Robin yet dazzled by the memory of Johnny.

"So splendid of you still loving me after all this time," said Robin over the dinner table at a well-known but rather dull restaurant.

"But why?"

"Some wives tire. Other fellows make love to them and they can't resist it. It's so lonely being a sailor's wife that you cannot help but pity them."

HE raised his glass and sipped from the prune-coloured fluid. Beaune! With Johnny it had been champagne. She hated herself for seeing them in vivid contrast, intensified by the wines they chose. Her eyes dropped before his. She fingered the crystal stem of her glass with trembling blossom-like fingers. In her heart she saw the impertinent face of Johnny smiling up to her out of a sea of bubbling amber.

Oh tragic, bitter-sweet memory of Johnny.

"Haven't you seen any more of that nice Mr. Mayne?" asked her mother-in-law one day, "I am sure that he misses you frightfully."

"I haven't seen him," she admitted, and wished she did not blush.

"Why don't you meet him in town for lunch?"

"Why should I?"

"Only that it seems a pity to lose your friends just because Robin has come home," she said.

The idea was a fuse to her being. She wrote and suggested it. Johnny's reply was not enthusiastic. But such a letter did not freeze Dollie. She wrote imploringly. She had the feeling that her mother-in-law was backing her up. At the third letter Johnny capitulated.

Sport and General

Mr. J. F. Byrne fishing the Tyle at Forest Lodge, Blair Atholl, in Perthshire. The trout-fishing here is excellent

EPISODE (continued)

They met at the Ritz the following Friday. She bought a new frock, Persephone in a budding mood, and with it a tiny close-fitting toque with the suggestion of grapes at the side. She was in the mood of Bacchante.

WHEN she entered the swing doors and saw him standing there she knew that her heart missed a beat. How young he looked. When Robin returned from China he had struck her as being different, but not as different as Johnny did now. Her memory picture of him had been misleading. She realised with a pang that close up against a person it is impossible to get an objective vision of them. Johnny gave you the impression of being over-dressed. To her dismay she saw dross in the being she had believed to be gold. She felt an aversion to his defined waist, and his satin-sleek head. It was so ridiculous not having noticed these things before.

They talked across a table of disillusion.

He was Mannequin, a pup, his cynicisms were the cheapest. He was youth, silly, immature youth groping helplessly in wrong personalities and misjudging ideals. The idol of her romance crashed into a thousand fragments at her feet. What she had believed to be eternal was episode. Episode in atoms.

She said that she had to catch an early train home.

"A bore," he said; "still, time and tide and the railway wait for no man."

She would have told any lie to escape from platitudes and biting wit, and the heady, frothing champagne.

WHEN she got to her home station she was surprised to find her mother-in-law waiting patiently on the platform.

"Had a nice day, dear?" she asked.

"No," said Dollie with a sudden candour.

She had an idea that her mother-in-law had known that it would not be a nice day when she suggested the lunch originally. For the first time in their lives the two surveyed each other with understanding eyes.

It was Mrs. Vandeleur who spoke.

"My dear," she said, "when I was young my husband went away and I suffered a great romance. You have no idea how much that love meant to me. My husband returned and for years I underwent a tortured married life in which I had set up a golden idol. As you know, I was left a widow with a huddle of barren years. I was quite old when I saw my lover again. I looked at him with different eyes. My idol was clay. He was self-absorbed, cheap, horrible. What I had thought a great romance was just an episode, for which I spoilt my life."

"I don't understand," said Dollie.

The older woman leant forward, kissed the Titian hair. "If only I had seen him," she whispered, "and realised my mistake. I did not want you to believe episode was romance, as I once did. I meant you to see him again."

They heard Robin's footstep on the parquet without.

U. B.

Inefficiency versus Intelligence

10,000 oysters or more may be opened to find a single Oriental Pearl.

But you must pay for the opening of 9,999 before you can buy the pearl yielded by one.

The fabulous price of orientals is thus due to Nature's inefficiency—

The moderate price of Ciro Pearls is due to human intelligence.

The choice of pearls must be determined by what you can afford to buy.

But Society on two continents has decreed that either Oriental Pearls or Ciro's are the only pearls that a woman of any social standing can afford to wear.

We invite you to visit the Ciro Salons, or on receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long (complete with gold clasp and case). Keep it—wear it for a fortnight and if, on comparison with real pearls, you can find any difference, the money shall be returned.

Illustrated Catalogues post free.

Photographic reproduction of the famous Ciro Pearl necklet 16" long (complete with gold clasp in case) One Guinea.

Ciro Pearls

CIRO PEARLS LTD. (Dept. 7), 178, REGENT STREET AND 48, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W

CITY: 120 Cheapside, E.C.
LEEDS: 38 Briggate.
DUBLIN: at Switzers.
MANCHESTER: 14 St. Ann's Square.
BIRMINGHAM: 121 New Street.
BRISTOL: at J. F. Taylor, Ltd.
LIVERPOOL: 23 Church Street.
SHEFFIELD: 23 Fargate.
PARIS: 20 Rue de la Paix.
GLASGOW: 95 Buchanan Street.
EDINBURGH: at Jenners.
BERLIN: 106 Leipzigerstrasse.

EVENING CLOTHES BY AUSTIN REED'S *of* REGENT STREET

Dress Coat 7 gns · Dinner Jacket 4½ & 6 gns · White Waistcoats 10/6 to 21/ · Trousers 45/-

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

THE "SUNDAY EVENING" FROCK CULT

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

Lanvin discards all embellishments and leaves the shimmering beauty of the rows of gleaming beads on their filmy foundation to express the charm of this evening frock. Worn with a short white velvet coat trimmed with black fur. Model Lanvin

AMONGST the many new elements that have crept into this season's dress presentation is the decided feeling that has been shown for the informal evening frock. It best corresponds to what we have been wont to refer to as a "dinner frock" and always felt a little vague about. Now the French dress creator, with his uncanny insight into the needs of modern woman, has presented this in a new guise. The Americans, with their usual quickness and flair for clothes, recognised it as a possible runner in the smart woman's wardrobe and have cleverly christened it the "Sunday Evening" frock.

AMONGST the younger set, it is referred to as the Cocktail frock, that is, the late afternoon or early dinner dress. Now the once fashionable "Fif o'clock" tea hour has lengthened into the cocktail hour, with the added attraction that it is then possible for men to attend after business, there is definitely a vogue for this type of garment. It is a dress subtilty which may not have the same appeal to the more casual Englishwoman, but it has been presented in very attractive variations in Paris. Lelong created many of this genre. He definitely disassociates it from either a dinner frock or a smart afternoon frock, for, as he says, all the old accepted classifications are dead.

MOLYNEUX does a tailored evening frock that is appealingly informal. It has a close-fitting tunic top which gives a perfectly straight line over the waist on to hips and has only a slight décolletage. This he repeated in quite a number of models. Patou shows a most striking model in "Le Cocktail," a stunning black and white satin. Incidentally, this is a type of garment to which sleek satin lends itself peculiarly well, and to those who like to follow these fascinating shades of differentiations in frocks it strikes a new and significant note.

I THINK it was R. L. Stevenson who made a remark that has always remained in my mind. He said that he felt *grateful* to a woman for looking pretty. It was as though some chance passer-by had conferred an unlooked-for benefit on him by the joy her beauty gave. Personally, I feel much the same when I see a well-dressed woman, particularly if she be an Englishwoman. One such I encountered the other day in the more unfashionable part of the park leading towards Kensington Gardens. She might have been in the Bois de Boulogne. Yet she was not by any means extravagantly dressed, but was, on the contrary, in sports clothes. Her beautifully cut tweed skirt fell in flat box pleats and reached

half-way down her calf, and her orange sweater was neatly belted, giving her the new look of length from hem to waistline. She wore the inevitable beret correctly at the back of her head to show her softly waved, glossy hair, and, finally, low-heeled shoes as she was clearly tramping round on a constitutional. Her ensemble reached perfection in the newest sports silhouette.

AND talking of berets—what a perfectly unaccountable vogue that type of headgear is enjoying! It appears to thrive on what invariably kills a fashion stone dead—excessive popularity. Now it is on the head of man, woman and child alike. At Longchamps the other day, it was still the beret that was worn. Agnès should feel triumphant, as it was she who first launched it. I first saw it in its present form known as the "pancake" beret in the South of France. It was worn by a smart French girl right on the back of her black hair, and how it kept on was a miracle. Now it is just that way young and old alike are wearing it. Knitted in wool or silk, fur bound, of chenille, in fact, in almost anything, it is a cap that we all seem sooner or later to fall for. And it is the way it is worn that will betray you. Its very simplicity calls for an increasing degree of chic. In fact, I really thought I was prepared to see it anywhere, but when my London taxi driver smilingly appeared in a new Borotra affair, I must confess to experiencing a distinct shock.

ALL our hats are slipping backwards more and more almost daily, and while this may need getting used to—get used to it we must, as it is beginning to look almost indecent for a woman to plank her hat well on her brows any more. In fact, so far back do some of our hats go that I feel we shall have to tie them under our chins soon to keep them on at all; and then—voila! We shall have the bonnet of our great, great grandmothers with us—and won't *that* be fun!

BERETS for the evening were shown by Norman Hartnell at his very interesting autumn opening the other day. These were very taking little affairs in glistening paillettes worn in the manner mentioned. I wondered if they would get past the sleuth-like maître d'hôtel of London's smarter restaurants, where they "don't allow" ladies to wear any head-dress! Very comic, but there it is.

HIS "white jade" was a charming model with a long green velvet coat and white velvet frock with glittering beret. I noticed the slim-fitting sheath silhouette with the suggestion of the tunic or peplum here and there predominated. This, in Mr. Hartnell's opinion, is what women like best, as it is more revealing and becomes the slim English figure better than the fuller skirt and more billowy outline. After all, having acquired a slim, emaciated form at such cost, it does seem, of course, a pity to cover it up with unnecessary frills!

B. B. E.

Maggie Rouff creates a black and white ensemble with a short coat of dyed squirrel, a black satin skirt, accordion-pleated in the new fan shape, and a white blouse. *Model Maggie Rouff*

SHE: "I've just been reading about a man who did not speak to his wife for fifteen years."

HE: "Perhaps he didn't want to interrupt her, my dear!"

* * *

"Well, I certainly could lend you a quid, but don't forget that the lending of money usually breaks friendships."

"Don't let *that* upset you, old man. We were never very good friends."

* * *

If a poet can't put fire into his verses he should reverse the process.

On living backwards

"Why did Captain Podge say he didn't believe you could be my Mummie?"

At times John's questions are very near the limit.

"John," I said, "If your father hears you calling Captain Bentham that, he'll be very cross."

"He won't hear me," said John, dismissing the interruption, "but why?"

"Because he thought I should be pleased." (I am gradually learning that it saves time to answer John's questions as directly as possible.)

"And were you?"

"No."

"Then why did Captain Podge think you would be?"

"He thinks I look too young to be the mother of such a big boy."

"You don't!" said John, implying scorn of 'Captain Podge's' opinion.

Then with a brave air of manly reassurance, he added, "You look quite old enough, Mummie darling."

But the best of it is that John is wrong, though I wouldn't tell him so for the world. Nor would I tell him that there are hundreds of other mothers who look more like elder sisters, simply because they, too, 'stay young-looking longer' with the help of Pond's Complete Method of Skin Care.

"stay young-looking longer." How to

1. Generously smooth Pond's Cold Cream on the skin of face, neck, and hands, and let its pure oils sink deep into the pores, softening and floating to the surface the tiny accumulations of impurity which gather beyond the reach of soap and water.

2. Wipe away the soiled cream with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—soft as gossamer, and far more convenient, absorbent, and economical than ordinary face-towels; simply discard them after use.

3. A brisk splashing with Pond's Skin Freshener closes the pores, tones up the skin, and removes the last traces of oiliness. No careful toilet is complete without this gloriously exhilarating preparation.

4. The final touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives the skin a surface of flower-like beauty, to which the powder clings evenly and lastingly.

FILM NOTES

BRITISH FILMS GOING STRONG

By Lionel Collier

WHEN one looks round the new talkie field in England, one discovers that some of the directors who really shone in the era of silent films have been banished into semi-oblivion, and that a lot of newcomers are beginning to make themselves felt; some like Tom Walls and Basil Dean, who are very welcome. There is, of course, still the old gang of indifferent producers which made money quickly on bad British pictures, frightened the financiers about the film trade's regard for moral obligations, and which has taken advantage of the quota legislation to make still worse films which American renters buy and shelve to fulfil their own obligations under the Act. One cannot blame them since the quota bill was certainly the biggest incentive to incompetency that any government could have imposed.

Two British film players, Dorothy Seacombe and Robin Irvine, star in the new George King talkie, "Leave It To Me." It is Robin Irvine's first talkie, in which he is a somewhat worthless young man of small income and no ambition, who eventually brings off a big business coup

WHAT brought this subject of British directors who have not been given the work they deserve into my mind was a notice that Manning Haynes has just completed a picture for British Lion entitled "Should a Doctor Tell?" which I hope to criticise next week. Manning Haynes is one of those directors who has not been nearly as much in the limelight as he should have been. He produced one of the best British silent pictures, "The Monkey's Paw," and also several of W. W. Jacobs' short comedies.

THERE are two other directors who, to the best of my belief, are not producing, or, at any rate, are not producing subjects worthy of their ability. I refer to George Cooper, whose "Quality" plays some years ago were hailed as film masterpieces, and George Pearson, who put Betty Balfour on the screen map.

(Continued on page 98)

Kim Pearson and Leslie Henson in an amusing scene in "A Warm Corner," Gainsborough's film version of the successful stage play directed by Victor Saville. Connie Ediss scores a great individual triumph

Matheson Lang makes his first talkie debut with Anna Neagle in a scene in "The Chinese Bungalow," a British film produced at Elstree by Mr. J. B. Williams. Anna Neagle was one of Cochran's Young Ladies in "Wake Up and Dream," and this is her first film part

POLO

Polo is one of the most ancient games in the world. Cradled in Persia, it spread to India where in later days it was taken up by British Officers who brought it to England.

The Hurlingham Club was made in 1874—a code of rules laid down, and regular matches and tournaments were instituted.

Johnnie Walker:

This game is much enjoyed in the East.

Polo Players:

So are you—and the world over!

Born 1820—Still going Strong

FILM NOTES (continued from page 96)

"It Happened in Monterey" is the title of the song John Boles sings to Jeannette Loff in this picturesque scene in "The King of Jazz," Universal's latest picture now at the Alhambra and the Regal

Now that we have Manning Haynes back in harness, it is perhaps not too much to hope that Cooper and Pearson will also come into their own again. They would certainly be more beneficial to the advance of British films than the much advertised young gentlemen of little experience who are too often delegated to make a "quota" picture in three weeks or less. Perhaps one day we shall realise that we have got to make pictures which will be universally acclaimed as works of art as well as "bread and butter" films. At present even our "bread and butter" pictures are too often only very lightly smeared with butter.

THAT the stage is being further recruited for talent is a good sign. Matheson Lang has just made his first talkie, "The Chinese Bungalow," an adaptation of the stage play in which Mr. Lang also appeared on the silent screen. The cast includes Jill Esmond Moore, Anna Neagle, Ballard Berkeley, and Derek Williams. Then Leslie Henson, too, has appeared in his first sound production, "A Warm Corner." I have not seen either of these pictures yet, but they certainly promise well. Besides Leslie Henson, the cast of "A Warm Corner" includes the ever-young Connie Ediss. It really does look as though talent is being sought in other ways than through beauty competitions, and that experience is actually coming into its own.

IF we cannot thank the talkies for anything else, we may well do so for delivering us from the ineffectual juvenile lead, the fatuous if beautiful leading lady, the long love "clinches," and for giving way to definite histrionic ability. It only requires a producer who realises that he is dealing with a new medium, combining the art of the camera and the polish of the stage to make something really worth while.

THE two most notable things in "The King of Jazz" is a voodoo dance number by Jacques Cartier, in which shadow work is most ingeniously used, and an elaborate setting for Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," in which Paul Whiteman excels himself. Another point which you will undoubtedly notice is the rapidity of action, the lack of indefinite pauses. It is "slick," well knit, and a perfect example of a screen revue on the large scale.

BY the way, I notice that a new British feature, "The Great Game," which deals with the national winter game of "soccer," has been hailed as the first to be made. As a matter of fact there was another made in England of indifferent quality some time ago, while two or three years later there was an excellent German picture which gave an admirable impression of the game. I have forgotten its title, but it featured Paul Richter, who will always be remembered for his amazingly fine rendering of Siegfried in Pommer's brilliant screen rendering of the saga that inspired Wagner.

The girls dance on Paul Whiteman's piano. An attractive scene in "The King of Jazz," Universal's new film now at the Regal and the Alhambra

SOME weeks ago I dealt briefly with America's amazing contribution to the talkie screen, "The King of Jazz," in which Paul Whiteman is the pivotal centre of a conglomeration of clever sketches, musical numbers and magnificently contrived settings. The picture is now on at the Regal and the Alhambra, and for its technical excellence alone it should not be missed.

Certainly some of the numbers, so far as musical contrivance goes, are poor, but it does show very clearly what can be accomplished in the way of rivalling the stage at its own job when the camera is brought efficiently into play. The usual effect of a screen revue is one of cramped settings. Here there is a vast sense of spaciousness. It is not just that money has been spent, but that it has been spent to the utmost advantage. Several British pictures here had a great deal of money spent on them, but so far as the ultimate effect is concerned it might just as well have been saved. Broadly speaking, it has been the pictures where economy has been practised perforce that the best results have been obtained. The picture I mentioned earlier, "The Monkey's Paw," is a case in point.

IT is quite commonly assumed that the picture theatres in the U.S.A. are the last word in elegance. Maybe they can claim to have the largest ones over there, but size does not necessarily connote comfort nor the best form of entertainment. During this year Gaumont British-P.C.T. will have opened ten cinemas which can hold their own in modern equipment and entertainment with any in the world. The latest to open its doors this month will be the New Victoria Theatre. It is constructed to seat 3,000 people, and no expense has been spared to make it "de luxe."

L. C.

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

Rolls-Royce cars of the latest type are being shown on the stand of Automobiles Rolls-Royce (France) Limited at the

Paris Salon

from October 2nd to 12th

and on the stand of Rolls-Royce Limited at

Olympia

from October 16th to 25th

At both Exhibitions Rolls-Royce cars will also be displayed on the stands of leading Coachbuilders. The prices of Rolls-Royce chassis remain unaltered.

Rolls-Royce Limited 14-15 Conduit Street London W1 Telephone Mayfair 6040

By Appointment to H.M. The King

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW

STAND

123

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

BARKER COACHWORK

ALSO EXHIBITED ON ROLLS-ROYCE STAND 58 & DAIMLER STAND 109

BARKER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS) LTD. 66-69 SOUTH AUDLEY ST. LONDON, W.1

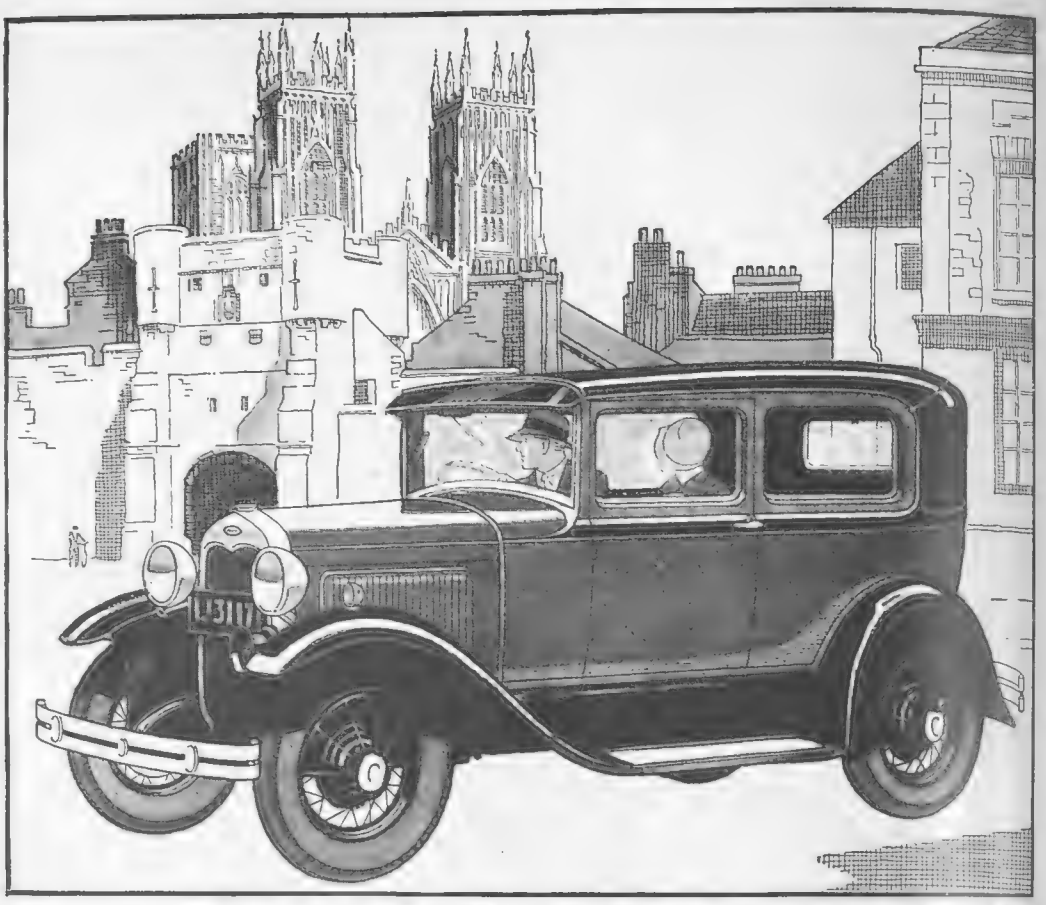
Coachbuilders to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

The Rolls-Royce Body Specialists and Retailers. Telephone: Grosvenor 2420

Established 1710

FEATURES OF THE NEW FORD CAR

Low first cost.
Low insurance and depreciation.
Petrol & oil economy.
Delightful performance.
Comfort and enjoyment.
Long life.
Only £50 down.



NEW FORD TUDOR SALOON AT YORK MINSTER SHOWING THE OLD CITY GATE, THE BOOTHAM BAR

"I bought my Ford Car on the recommendation of a friend"

"FRIENDS' RECOMMENDATION" stands first on the list of reasons why so many people are owning New Ford Cars. That faith of its owners—revealed by a recent enquiry—is one of the proudest possessions of the New British Ford—the new car supplied to the British Isles from the busy Ford Works at Manchester.

Ask the owner of a New British Ford to tell you about the car. Learn from him, for example, the many assurances of safety in driving and riding in a New Ford. Powerful four-wheel brakes. Strong, welded steel spoke wheels. Large tyres. Robust all-steel body. Unsplinterable glass windscreen.

Learn, also, how delightfully the New Ford performs on hills and in traffic, how easy it is to steer, how well and safely it holds the road at fast speeds.

You will be particularly interested in the moderate cost of this superior transportation. Low first cost because of Ford methods. Low insurance, because the Ford lasts so well. Low upkeep costs because of economical Ford facilities.

When you examine a New Ford you will note its pleasing appearance. Graceful low streamlines. Pleasing and durable pyroxylin finish. Attractive upholstery. The lasting lustre of rustless steel bright parts.

A New British Ford car is not beyond your means. Only £50 down secures immediate delivery, all charges included. Enquire to-day at your nearest Ford dealer.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, London and Manchester

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

Mr. Maugham in Hot Water

By Ralph Straus

[illegible] Beck and Helen Macgregor

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Whose latest novel, "Cakes and Ale" (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page

And so there is another literary rumpus of the old, old kind—this time with Mr. Somerset Maugham in the chief rôle. Mr. Maugham has just published a new novel called *Cakes and Ale* (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.), and, like everything that Mr. Maugham writes, it is brilliantly clever and pungent and most entertaining. But, after reading the book, many people will be inclined to say, Was it necessary to make such cruel use of real people—the real people being (in their view) the late Thomas Hardy and a well-known novelist who is still alive. In fact, in the old, old way, Mr. Maugham has been asked to "explain."

Mr. Maugham *has* explained—also in the old, old way. Thomas Hardy? Certainly not. Admittedly this Edward Driffield, whose history he is relating, became in his later years the Grand Old Man of English Letters, but why imagine him to be Hardy? The two men are quite different. Did not Hardy have a moustache and live in Dorset? Of course he did. And Driffield, after a bearded period, becomes clean-shaven and lives in Kent. Driffield is no more meant to be Hardy than he is meant to be—er, Meredith, or any other G.O.M. of E.L.

That, of course, is the only possible reply to make, and Mr. Maugham is fully entitled to make it. Driffield, he says in effect, is a *blended* character. But that, I am afraid, is not the impression that most of his readers will obtain. And what about the other portrait, the much more malicious portrait of Alroy Kear, the novelist, who in the story is busily securing materials for a Life of Driffield? Nobody, I imagine, who takes the smallest interest in new books and reads his newspapers with any regularity can fail to "spot" the original. Roy is—no matter who. I think many will guess without help.

J. Maycock

EVELYN WAUGH

The brilliant young author, who is the latest man of letters to be received into the Catholic Church. Other well-known literary people who have also gone over to Rome include Sheila Kaye-Smith, Compton Mackenzie, Alfred Noyes, Father Ronald Knox, and G. K. Chesterton

Well, you may say, but what then? Why shouldn't a literary celebrity be dumped head foremost into somebody else's novel? And, if he *is* recognised, where is the harm, provided that nothing scandalously libellous is said about him? Will a bit of the extra publicity beloved of most of us hurt him? And, to be candid, I cannot see that it will. At the same time, it does seem to me to be something more than a mere question of taste. If I may be allowed to speak as a novelist, I would say that the inclusion of any such portrait argues either a lack of imagination or, more probably, mere laziness. "It's very hard," says one of Mr. Maugham's characters in this book, "to be a gentleman and a writer." It certainly may be very hard if you propose to put full-length portraits of personal friends into your novels; but why do so? Surely it is the mark of the master-craftsman to invent a figure who, without bringing to mind any one living being, yet seems to be more *real* than anybody one actually knows.

But, of course, we shall continue to have these rumpuses as long as fiction is written. They can certainly provide the "sensation" that seems to be so necessary to-day, and quite possibly are good business. The pity is that *Cakes and Ale*, which does not require it, should be receiving any illegitimate help. It is not a pleasant book, but it is a thunderingly good one. Its sub-title explains much. "The Skeleton in the Cupboard." In this country we are accustomed to put our literary heroes on to absurdly high pedestals. Mr. Maugham disapproves. He knows that the mere fact that the world chooses to call you a genius bears no relation whatever to your private life. And he cannot help knowing that quite a surprisingly large proportion of geniuses are a little unlucky in their private affairs. And so, in his story, we have Roy Kear, a friend of the second (and respectable) Mrs. Driffield, wishing to write a book about the great man, which will give satisfaction to all his admirers. That is to say, the great man's undoubted peculiarities are to be toned down, and, in particular, only a brief word or two is to be given to his most regrettable first wife.

Mr. Ashenden, however—the "I" of the book and, incidentally, a third portrait which may be recognised—whose help is sought, will have none of this polite bowdlerisation. He was the first wife's lover, and shows us the woman for what she was. And he has little regard for her successor, who turned the plebeian Ted Driffield, who wrote most questionable novels, into Mr. Driffield, O.M., the pillar of English literature whom all the world delighted to honour. Nor, indeed, has he much more than an amused contempt for Roy, at whose luckless head most of his vitriol is hurled. But you must read the novel yourself. It is one which only Mr. Maugham could have written, bitter and biting, and, in places, quite brutal, but exceedingly interesting, and, technically speaking, a little triumph.

A kind of sequel to *The Constant Nymph* is also duly to hand, as our friends in commerce like to say. Or perhaps I should call it another diverting instalment of the great Sanger

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

Saga. Sanger, you remember, was the last of the Bohemians, a composer who wandered about Europe collecting wives and things, and kindly presenting children to all the cities he visited. A pleasantly irregular gentleman. And in this new book Miss Margaret Kennedy tells us the story about two of his children, his eldest son Caryl, who is *The Fool of the Family* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*) and his younger brother Sebastian.

Both are musical, but Caryl has no genius at all, while Sebastian has. Caryl is hardly a Sanger at all. He falls in love with only one girl, and remains in love with her, and almost conforms to Victorian ideas on "decent" behaviour. Fortunately for our entertainment, Sebastian is more like his father. He collects ladies, for instance, and has no objection at all to taking his brother's girl. That is clearly in the Sanger tradition. But Caryl kicks his brother downstairs and finally persuades the girl that it is he and not Sebastian whom she must marry. Does Sebastian object? Not a bit. There are still some unattached ladies in Europe, to say nothing of the faithful though Sangerish Jemma.

Incidentally they have a series of the most ludicrous adventures. They become involved in anti-fascistic affairs, they have hair's-breadth escapes, and they flounder most deliciously in financial maëlstroms. Just the kind of book to put you in a good temper.

Miss Norah James got into hot water with her first novel, but nobody will take objection to her new story, *Shatter The Dream* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a serious study in disillusion, well written, outspoken, honest. A young bank clerk suffering from an incurable disease, a married vamp, and love's young dream which turns to a nightmare. Not an original theme, but treated in a manner which could hardly be bettered.

Finally, do not miss Helen Ashton's *Mackerel Sky* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*). I place Miss Ashton's work very high indeed, and here she is at her best. A simple story of a young married couple who quarrel, but a story so cleverly told, so amusingly written, and so charmingly human that you wish it were twice as long as it is. R. S.

Concerning Candles

In our issue of September 24, in the Heating and Lighting Supplement, two photographs of artistic candles were reproduced, showing the "Nell Gwynn" candle as manufactured by Messrs. J. C. and J. Field, Ltd., and the "Venetian" candle of Messrs. Prices' Patent Candle Co., Ltd. These pictures were correctly titled, but through a printer's error in the text the "Venetian" candle was referred to as the product of Messrs. J. C. and J. Field, Ltd., and not that of Messrs. Prices' Patent Candle Co., Ltd. In making this correction with apologies it is only in keeping that a candle of repentance should be lit!

IS DANCING ON THE WANE?

Undoubtedly there are not so many people dancing at restaurants in the West End as even twelve months ago, but there is a very obvious reason, the general shortage of money. Regular attendants at some of the most fashionable restaurants have cut down their visits owing to their pockets compelling them to do so, not because they are less keen on dancing. There is no doubt that if someone would introduce a new dance, easy to learn, attractive to look at, and permitting of that reasonably tight embrace of one's partner which must be admitted to be one of the charms of dancing, and not requiring too much physical exertion, it would give dancing a new interest.

Lieut.-Colonel W. Elwy Jones, the author of this article

Where so many teachers of dancing fail is that they struggle and strive to invent a new dance which looks very charming when danced by a slim pair of experts. It is composed of a number of steps which few average dancers would be capable of performing. The large majority of dancers are not experts, yet one would imagine that new dances should appeal to the majority. Why is it that the fox-trot and one-step tempted on to the floor many who never had danced the waltz or other old-fashioned dances? Merely because they were so simple, that, for those with aptitude and a disregard of the amusement they provided for spectators, they could be danced, after a fashion, with practically no instruction. One of the best dancers I know told me of his experience; he was dragged on to a crowded floor, and, led by a very attractive and capable partner, made to dance a fox-trot. This was his first and only lesson in the modern dances.

Another reason why dancing will not die. Just for a moment stop and consider what a restaurant dinner meant in the days before there was such a thing as the dinner or supper dance. The hour of dinner was usually earlier than to-day, say 7.30 to 8 o'clock. Supposing we allow an hour or an hour and a half for the actual consumption of the meal, this will bring us to 9 or 9.30. Perhaps selections by the orchestra would provide the diners with a little mild excitement; for the remainder of the time they are together they must depend upon conversation, and unless there happens to be a brilliant conversationalist amongst the guests this will prove rather boring, and watches will be consulted and the party will break up about 10.30 p.m. The importance, in those days, of congenial conversation reminds me of the true story of a newly gazetted subaltern joining his regiment; he was asked if he played hockey, football, cricket, golf, etc., to all of which he replied in the negative. Another subaltern then asked, "Good heavens, what *do* you do?" To which he answered, "I am very fond of photography and a little congenial conversation." Those who were of the party would probably say on the morrow: "Very nice dinner last night," but would any say "What a cheery night we had!" or "What a topping time!" I think we can safely conclude that they would not.

Now look at the dinner party of to-day. Dinner at, say, 8.30 p.m. Dancing will probably start about 9.30. After half an hour comes a short cabaret, providing a very pleasant interval; after this some more dancing, the new arrivals to watch, and then the supper cabaret followed by more dancing; and given a good band and show and "the" partner, the first warning of the hour is quite likely to be the playing of the National Anthem at 2 a.m. The next day you'll hear "We had a topping time last night, the A's gave a party at the . . . . It was marvellous." Isn't your particular partner much more likely to cuddle up close to you in the car on the way home and say, "Hasn't it been fun?" or make some such remark, than after the old-fashioned type of dinner in the "early-to-bed" days?

America has introduced a new type of dance music, which will probably help to stimulate dancing. This is a new "Whispering Harmony." The music is played very softly, with the brass of the band so muted that they are hardly perceptible, and it gives the impression of a band composed of string instruments. The tempo is soft and dreamy. W. E. J.

P·S·C is Pressed Steel —the modern phase in car bodywork

Why *pressed* steel for the body of your car, for the wings and chassis frame? Because pressed steel is steel at its strongest. Because it shapes and moulds to flowing lines. Because it does not mind any weather, wet or dry; any temperature, hot or cold. Because it is light and lasting. Because it is silent and secure. Because of all this and again because it adds nothing to the cost of the body yet so much to its satisfying appearance, pressed steel is the modern medium for modern conditions.

P.S.C PRESSED STEEL is pressed steel specially applied to motor bodies, panels, wings, frames and so forth. It is the product of the PRESSED STEEL COMPANY of Great Britain Ltd., the firm specifically established to produce pressed steel for the British Motor industry.

MORRIS | AUSTIN
WOLSELEY | HILLMAN
ROVER
are already using P.S.C pressed steel.

P·S·C Pressed Steel for the body of your car

THE PRESSED STEEL COMPANY OXFORD

Every motorist should read "The Story of Pressed Steel"—an interesting booklet sent free on application.

Service Advertising 1.W

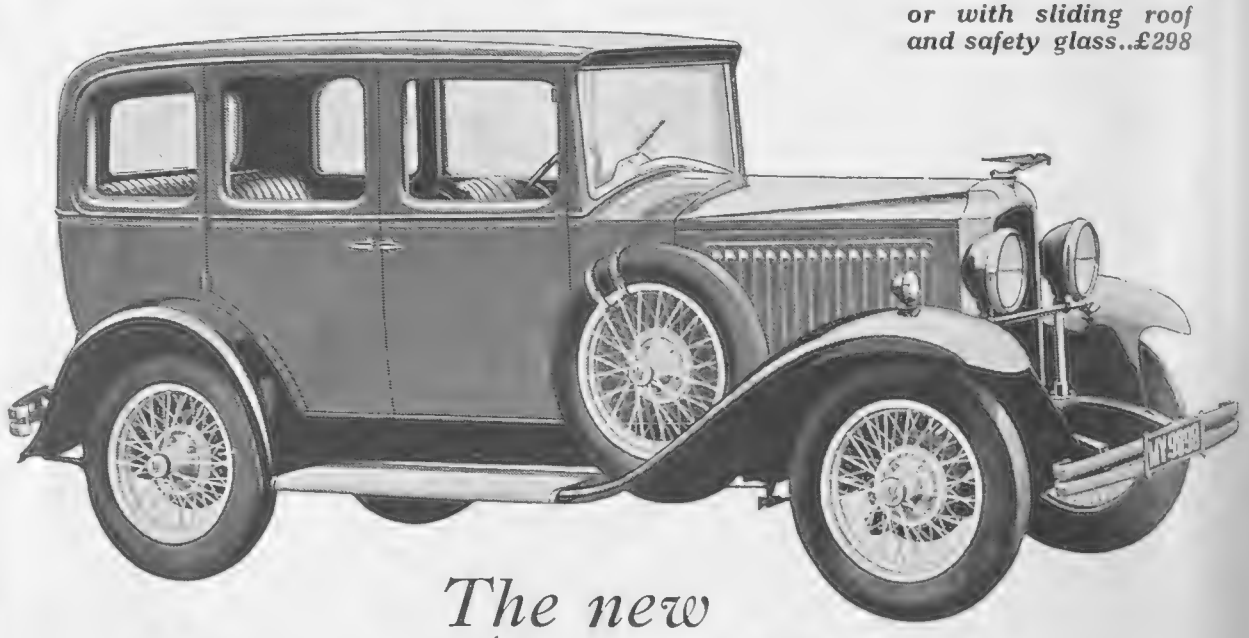
FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT

17 h.p.

6 cylinders

£280

or with sliding roof and safety glass..£298



The new

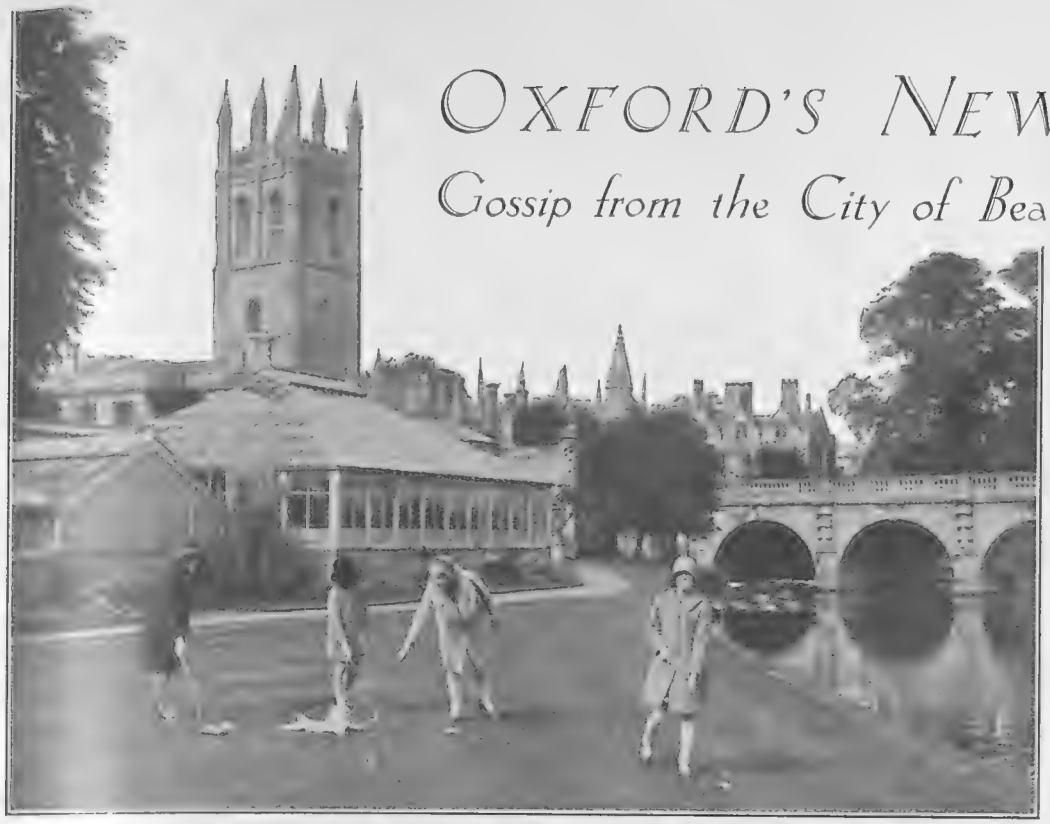
VAUXHALL "CADET"

Built in the true Vauxhall tradition

Vauxhall to-day presents for the first time a car priced at under £300. It can be seen at the principal Vauxhall Dealers, or full particulars can be obtained from General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9. This is an additional car to the famous Vauxhall 20-60 (now 24 h.p.) which will be known as the Vauxhall "Eighty."

OXFORD'S NEW TERM

Gossip from the City of Beautiful Towers



CLEANING UP OXFORD
Members of the "Trilogy Club," formed to keep Oxford free from litter, at work in the Botanical Gardens in front of Magdalen Tower and Bridge. The three things needed to qualify for membership are a knife, a pointed stick and a box of matches

MICHAELMAS term at Oxford, which commences next week, heralds the commencement of a new University year. It will be a sad reunion for some, because of the absence of many familiar faces. For the Fresher getting his first glimpse of University life it will be rather like a new adventure. But for one and all it will be term again, and Oxford is never itself till the "grads" and the "ettes" are filling its streets, its lecture rooms, and its playing fields. The Long Vacation has unfortunately witnessed the death of many of its famous alumni, Sir Herbert Warren, Dr. Spooner, Dr. Magrath, Professor H. H. Turner, and Mr. A. C. M. Croome, as well as the passing of its less famous—indeed rather infamous—Balloon Society.

H. S. TOWNEND
The new President of the O.U.A.C.

OF new "restrictions" there do not seem to be any. Unlike the sister University, Oxford has not yet tackled the vexed motor car question, though she has been urged to do so often enough. We still allow our undergraduates, after their first year, to keep their own cars and run them as they please, provided they conform to certain rules. On the whole their conduct as driver is exemplary, a few reckless "speeders" notwithstanding.

OF new "freak" societies I have heard nothing, though doubtless they will be springing up like the proverbial mushroom in a few weeks' time. The *Isis* and the *Cherwell* will, no doubt, have their usual evasive and short-lived contemporaries. The cost of printing makes the foundation of a journal prohibitive to any but the very wealthy, of whom Oxford nowadays has few.

THE Union have J. A. Boyd - Carpenter as President, and it is safe to say that his presence in the chair will mean a rather higher standard in debate. Peter Bayne will control the destinies of the O.U.D.S., who, I understand, have not yet chosen their play. It is not the turn of Shakespeare to be immortalised. Possibly it may be an old French play, but as the performance is not until next term there is plenty of time to get the cast together. The Playhouse is at the moment given over to the doubtful delights of midget golf. I understand, however, that Mr. Fagan will run a short season, which begins with a visit from the famous Ben Greet players.

IN sport we are in for a really hectic time. The mantle of captain of the Rugger side has fallen on Steve Hofmeyr, a member of the formidable pack, and he is determined to follow up Tommy Gubb's success last year with one even more deserving and convincing. Those two fine centres, Robson and Rousseau, have gone down, so, too, has the much-capped B. H. Black. But there remains the nucleus of a very strong side with J. A. Adamson, N. H. S. Macpherson, and "Bill" Roberts among the backs, and W. A. H. Druitt, A. G. Cridlan and W. E. Henley to back up the Captain in the pack. The Colonies are sending some brilliant men, and there is talk of a Scottish International, as fast as Ian Smith.

W. B. GOULDING (Christ Church) takes charge of the Soccer. He had been elected secretary, but Kingsley is not coming up, and the crown has been forced upon him, and Theophilus, the Welsh International, leads the hockey side. Tinne will once more control the destinies of the Boat Club, and one wishes him better luck than he had at the beginning of the year, and a freedom from internal misunderstandings. H. S. Townend is Gordon's successor on the running track, and though his job is a difficult one, his cheerfulness and capacity for hard work should pull him through.

The O.U. Drag Hounds will hold their Hunter Trials at Middleton Stoney, near Bicester, on October 28, when the usual large crowd is sure to turn out.

IT should be a full term in every respect. I see no cause for pessimism at all. We have certainly not done too well against the fellows from the other place, but to assume that Oxford is full of degenerates and faddists is a fallacy. It differs very little from the Oxford of pre-war days, except that it is more industrious, less inclined to snatch at the shadow, and determined to get at grips with the substance. S. F.

S. J. HOFMEYR
Who skippers Oxford at Rugger this season

CAMBRIDGE UP AGAIN

Photochrom

A view of King's, one of the most architecturally beautiful of Cambridge colleges

CAMBRIDGE is up again, and already firing on every cylinder. You can't really express it better than my old bedder does. "Them Long Vacs is orl right," she declared on my arrival, "but I always ses as 'ow 'tis good to be back again." And from the ingenuousness of her rugged face you could hardly have believed that it was she who had said, not four months ago, "Well, good-bye, sir, and 'ave a good time. Bein' 'ere's orl right, but I always thinks as 'ow 'tis nice to be gettin' away." Bless her versatile heart!

There are a thousand Freshmen, we are led to believe, all of them no doubt behaving after the traditional manner of Freshmen, investing in crested crockery, joining a hundred societies, filling the blank lecture lists in their pocket diaries with honest resolutions, and leaving us old stagers to calculate whether it would be cheaper to buy a new bicycle or bail out last year's model, which somehow got left out and forgotten amid the diversions of last June, and has been lodged at the police-station, at so much a night, ever since.

SUNDRY and manifold are the changes we come back to! Colleges have sprouted wings in a night; super-cinemas and restaurants are springing up in the middle of the town; gaunt steel skeletons stand where beer once flowed and tobacco burnt in comfortable digs. To prove how well we keep up with the times, three miniature golf courses are scattered through the town. No wonder dons are horrified!

IT is a little too early yet to decide whether we shall beat Oxford at everything this year or only occasionally; but J. J. A. Embleton, of Caius, the new Rugger captain, starts off the season with the makings of a strong side to take to Twickenham on December 9. The eleven old Blues who are up for another year include five forwards—Embleton, P. W. P. Brook, S. M. Saunders-Jacobs, A. W. Walker, and D. M. Marr; an English International at full back in J. G. Askew; and five men who have played at Twickenham in the three-quarter line—R. W. Smeddle (also an International), H. E. Carris (the Middlesex batsman), F. M. Heywood, J. A. Tallent, and G. C. Adams. Besides all these there are C. C. Tanner, who has played on the wing for England but not yet won a Blue; R. F. Ohlsson, the Blackheath forward; L. H. Collison, a useful inside from St. John's; and E. B. Pope, who turned out frequently for the Varsity last year at scrum-half. Indeed, the selectors are likely to be embarrassed with riches, especially when it comes to making up the three-quarter line. G. D. Kemp-Welch, the cricket Blue and this year's soccer captain, has some important places to fill in his side, and he will be on the look-out for talent among the Freshmen. So will R. M. N. Tisdall, the new President of the C.U.A.C.

R. M. N. TISDALL

Who succeeds to the Presidency of the C.U.A.C. this term. Over the low hurdles he is as fast as Lord Burleigh, who was President four years ago

THE Relays at Fenner's on November 29 will be the first inter-Varsity event of the year. Last year's President, M. H. C. Gutteridge, is up for one more term, and other old Blues in residence again are F. T. Horan (the new secretary and son of a past President), T. B. L. Bryan and J. E. Robins, all one-milers, R. K. Brown, Tisdall's second string in the low hurdles, P. B. B. Ogilvie, last year's pole-jump winner, T. P. Moll, the high-jumper, C. W. Benson for the three miles, and J. N. Mason for the half.

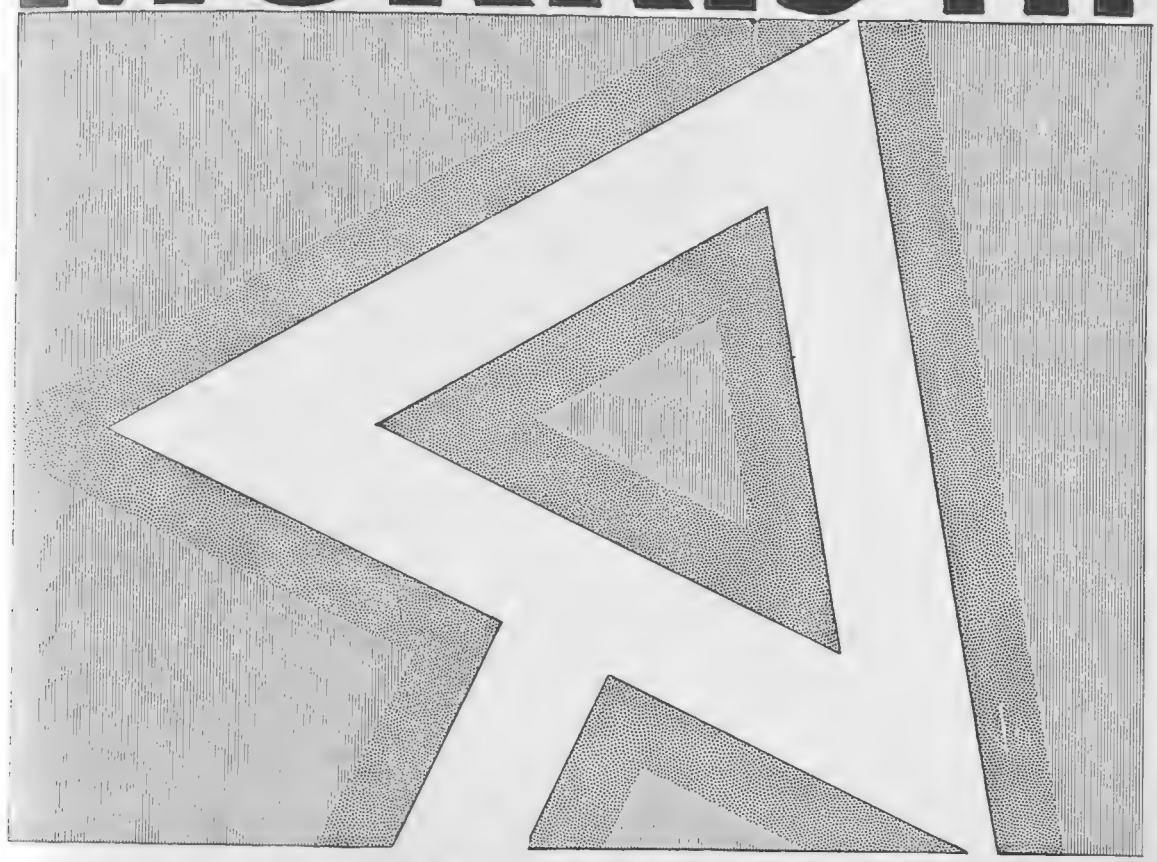
WHILE honorary treasurers entice half-crowns from the more gullible Freshmen, honorary secretaries are busy composing fixture cards for their proud display. Till these are published we can have little idea of what dark doings are being contemplated by the powers that be in control of the various societies and clubs.

E. A. C.

PICTURESQUE CAMBRIDGE Photochrom

A famous beauty spot in Cambridge. The photograph shows Trinity Bridge, one of the most graceful of the many bridges in the Varsity city

MORRIS fit



TRIPLEX

AND ARE SAFE

TRIPLEX SHEET TRADE MARK REGISTERED

TRIPLEX PLATE TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1 Albemarle Street, London, W.1

SHOOTING NOTES

D. M. Laing

THE LAST JOURNEY OF THE MONARCHS OF THE GLEN
An unusual photograph taken after a successful day's deer-stalking in the Highlands

SAFETY FIRST — By "Clodhopper"

THE hideous spectacle of one tyro sportsman playfully hauling a brother tyro across a marsh-dyke by means of a loaded gun prompts me to write a few seasonable notes under the rather hackneyed title of "Safety First." The incident in question took place during a day's partridge shooting in East Anglia recently. The brace of playful "sports" took the form of youthful U.S.A. citizens—nephews, on the maternal side, of our host, the owner of the shoot—who, when ordered to return home as being dangerous to themselves and a menace to their elders and betters, expressed in the cultured and euphonious diction peculiar to American collegians, a very considerable contempt for English field sports generally and English methods of what they were pleased to call "bird huntin'," in particular.

BUT, without beating about the bush, there are just as bad offenders against the unwritten laws of game shooting in this country as those two promising sons of dear old Uncle Sam. Nor is it by any means invariably the youngsters who are answerable for the accidents which occur (mainly through sheer carelessness or ignorance) in the shooting field season after season, with greater frequency than in former years, when every man and boy who shot was very thoroughly drilled in the use and handling of a gun before being allowed to fire a cartridge at game of any kind.

THE breaking up of extensive sporting estates into smaller areas has led, indirectly, to quite a crop of gun accidents of late years, though the majority of such casualties, unless really serious, are quietly hushed up. Not a few farmer-owners let the sporting rights over their farms to syndicates of townsmen, some of the members of which will, perchance, never have previously owned a gun, and consequently cannot, or will not, realise the vital importance of learning how to carry and use one in perfect safety. Such neophytes are not only undesirable in the shooting field, but are also the personification of peril to the lives and limbs of their companions, themselves, and any unfortunate dog which may happen to be working within range of their "shootin' irons."

ANOTHER source of danger to be steered clear of by sportsmen during a day's shooting is the irresponsible shooter whose gun is invariably pointed at some vital part of his neighbour's anatomy, and who, having inadvertently loosed off a barrel, and thereby narrowly missed "bagging" quite a good and healthy man, cheerfully remarks that he "didn't know the damn thing was loaded." Who would blame anyone for refusing in toto to shoot in the company of such a person, however hurtful a refusal of the kind might be to one's host?

PERSONALLY, I regard a man who, even in play, deliberately points a gun at anyone as being little better than a dangerous maniac, and one who should be kept in close confinement during the shooting season. A gun must always be handled and treated as though it were loaded. Until a novice has received—and thoroughly acquired — careful and practical instruction in the safe use and manipulation of firearms, he should most certainly not be permitted to take his place in the field with other guns. This is the most essential part of a shooting man's training. The more interesting side of game shooting will come to him naturally an he possess the true instincts of a sportsman.

WITHIN the limits of space it is impossible to write at greater length upon the all-important subject of Safety First in the Shooting Field. The following simple and easily remembered hints to the young entry, however, may not be out of place: The safest method of carrying a gun is on the right shoulder with the top-rib downwards, and right hand grasping the grip of stock on about a level with breast-pocket.

OTHER safe methods are: In the crook of the right arm, muzzle of gun straight to the front and pointing to ground; across the breast, muzzle high and to the front; the muzzle raised, left side of stock lightly pressed against the right hip. There is still another recognised way of carrying a gun, known as at the "trail," but we regard the other four as being safer.

DON'T cross a gate or stile, creep through a gap, or wire fence, climb up a steep bank, force a way through a quickset, jump a ditch, prop your gun against gateway, hedgerow, or any other convenient object during a halt before drawing the cartridges, and don't reload without looking through the barrels to see that they are clear. Above all things, do not carry a loaded gun in a motor car, carriage or boat.

IT was only a few weeks ago that one sportsman was killed and another seriously injured on the Scottish moors by a gun which had been left loaded in a touring car. Some of the modern school of shooting men, who rely upon the safety-bolt as an infallible protection against gun accidents when negotiating wire and such-like obstacles may, perchance, accuse us of being unco' cautious in our methods. I, on the other hand, maintain that "Safety First" is a motto which should be borne in mind by all of us who seek sport and pleasure in the shooting field.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE PRESENT UNPRACTICAL VELOCITY TEST

A GUNMAKER told me the other day that the latter day sportsman is not the least bit interested in sweet-shooting, low-recoil cartridges, but is stimulated only by the assurance of high velocity. The funny thing about it is that arithmetical calculation, guided by full knowledge of science, shows such trifling gains as to leave the widespread preference a mystery. Nevertheless, the fundamental law in cartridge making is that solid truth lies behind the aggregate verdict of sportsmen. As a contribution to progress the manufacturer ought seriously to consider extending the range of his velocity test from the present twenty yards to thirty. I fully realise that the wires now set up to be broken by the pellets in flight give trouble at extended ranges, but I discarded wires more than four years ago and substituted a system of contact based on the electric bell which has worked without a hitch ever since. My mechanism operates as well at thirty yards as twenty. Therefore, I say, the time has arrived when sporting cartridges ought to be tested over a range which affords a better index of their utility under service conditions than that which for so long has been standard. At present we know little or nothing about the charge of shot after it has passed the twenty yards velocity screen. Information ceases at the very point where it begins to be important.

FOR MORE THAN 100 YEARS

HAMPTONS' HOME FURNISHINGS

have secured to every purchaser value that has never been surpassed.

See Hamptons' new book C.157 "INEXPENSIVE HOME FURNISHINGS" which shows, conclusively, that in Hamptons' Showrooms there is always to be found an ample selection of inexpensive Furnishings of every description—tasteful, substantially-made Furniture, decorative and dependable Carpets, Curtains, Furnishing Fabrics, etc., all of which exemplify the BEST VALUE FOR MONEY OBTAINABLE ANYWHERE. SENT FREE.

HAMPTONS' AXMINSTER CARPETINGS

Guaranteed to be of best British Manufacture only.

The stock embraces a very great variety of designs and colourings, many of which are entirely new. In practically every instance, Stair Carpetings in the 22½ and 27 in. widths to match the filling and Border Carpets are in stock.

Filling Carpeting. 27 in. wide .. .. Per yard **9/6**

Stair Carpeting. 22½ in. wide, per yard **8/11.** 27 in. wide, per yard **9/6**

In some instances 36 in. wide Stair Carpet to match is also in stock.

Works and all Factories:
QUEEN'S ROAD,
BATTERSEA, S.W.8

Telegraphic Address:
"HAMITIC, LONDON."

HAMPTONS
Decorators · Furnishers

PALL MALL EAST,
LONDON, S.W.1
'Phone: GERRARD 0030

Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain

EGYPT—the land of majestic beauty

HEALTH AND SUNSHINE BECKON YOU TO EGYPT

Health-giving sunshine, invigorating and steady—you are sure of it in Egypt, where, among unique scenery and picturesque surroundings, the amenities of modern life and the mysteries of an ancient civilisation combine to offer the most alluring, the most romantic and the most satisfying holiday-making in the world. If you seek renewed health, if you desire sport, or the luxury of magnificently equipped hotels, or the archæological interest of a country abounding in ancient monuments and relics of a past civilisation—go to Egypt!

Interesting and beautifully illustrated brochure on Egypt and its many attractions may be obtained on application to L. SUTER, Esq., *Secretary General*, Egyptian Hotels Ltd., Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo.

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO

A modern hotel standing in its own grounds. Beautiful suites of apartments. Large gardens, Restaurant & Grill Room

WINTER PALACE, LUXOR

Situated on the banks of the Nile, within easy reach of the Valley of the Kings. One of the finest hotels in Upper Egypt.

Continental Savoy Hotel, CAIRO

In the centre of the town overlooking the Opera Square and the Esbekieh Gardens. Excellent cuisine.

LUXOR HOTEL, LUXOR

A luxurious modern hotel, providing excellent accommodation at very reasonable rates. Centre of great archæological interest.

GRAND HOTEL, ASSOUAN

Situated on the banks of the Nile, in one of the most beautiful spots in Egypt.

A palace of comfort and luxury in unrivalled situation. Commanding magnificent views of the Nile and surrounding country.

SEMIRAMIS HOTEL, CAIRO

Built on granite foundations, above the river level, in dry surroundings and invigorating air.

CATARACT HOTEL, ASSOUAN

A veritable Oriental palace. At the foot of the Great Pyramid, on the border of the Libyan desert. All sports.

Mena House Hotel (Pyramids), Cairo

GRAND HOTEL, HELOUAN

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, CAIRO

A popular family hotel in the centre of the town. Every modern luxury and convenience, including private bath for every room. Excellent cuisine. Exceptionally reasonable rates.

HOTEL & SHOOTING PAVILION

In FAYOUN PROVINCE, which is one of the most picturesque parts of Egypt. Also a Shooting Pavilion on the shores of LAKE KAROUN, a salt lake in the neighbourhood of FAYOUN, which offers excellent facilities for shooting and fishing. Ideal for sportsmen.

THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT, HELOUAN

HELOUAN

The only place near Europe where balneological treatment can be obtained during winter months in a summer climate. The Bathing and Thermal Establishment, on one floor level, is equipped with the most modern apparatus and appliances. Separate section for ladies and gentlemen. European masseurs and resident medical staff. Helouan—Egypt's premier health resort—stands on high ground, close to Cairo. The Grand Hotel offers everything necessary for the comfort of invalids, and special arrangements can be made for diet, attendance, massage and other forms of treatment. Golf on finest sand links in the world. Tennis & dancing.

FLYING NOTES

"BARGAINS FOR PRIVATE OWNERS"

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Sport and General

Lord Willoughby de Broke swinging the propeller of his Klemon monoplane at the Bedfordshire Aero Club's Air Display at Godlington. Apart from being a keen private owner, he is one of the leading figures in hunting circles, being the Joint-Master of the Warwickshire

Fox Photos

Members of the South Essex Aero Club watching a demonstration of gliding. The photograph was taken at Havering, in Essex

Seasonal Sales

In a few years' time, perhaps even next year, there will be an Aero Show with a similar object to the Motor Show, that of exhibiting next season's models to an admiring public with money to spend. This Show may not be held at Olympia, in fact it would be more suitable at Heston or Hanworth Park, where aerodrome facilities are available for flights, but new models are constantly being considered by the various manufacturers, and it can only be a matter of time before aircraft development follows motor car practice in this respect. The "rainy season" in England is spread fairly evenly over the whole year, so that there should be no appreciable drop in aircraft sales during the winter, particularly as flying can be carried out with safety in all weathers except when it is very foggy. Owing to the superior mobility of air transport, it is possible to get away from dud weather more easily than by car, so that the flying "season" will be eventually a continuous one. At the moment a number of business people whose occupation ties them to one particular place during the winter are selling their machines, and I have received a list of bargains from National Flying Services which bears examination. Two Puss Moths are available with C. of A. until June next year for £765 and £835 respectively. Each has done less than 80 hours flying, and is offered subject to being unsold. Others on the list are Moths at £450 and upwards, an Avian for £400, a Genet Bluebird for £275, which sounds good, and several engines at low prices.

Three Genets in Wessex

The Westland people have achieved a great success with the "Wessex," their latest civil machine for six passengers, which is fitted with three Armstrong Siddeley "Genet" engines. "Sabena," the Belgian national air transport company, has taken four of them for air line work and others are in the jigs for various foreign countries. An autumn tour is being carried out in the British Isles and the Continent by Capt. Louis Paget, chief test pilot for Westlands, so that the machine may be tried by possible purchasers. The pilot is completely enclosed in a well-warmed cockpit, a Turn Indicator is fitted as standard, and the new Westland rudder bias gear has been found to afford great relief from physical strain. For high altitude work in the Dominions and abroad generally, Genet Major engines of higher compression are fitted, giving the machine a ceiling of nearly 14,000ft. under tropical conditions. Referring to the "Genet" engine, its value also in Arctic regions was proved early this year by a tour of 15,000 miles through Finland. Although below-zero temperatures were the rule, and the machine and engine were bedded in the snow each night, starting troubles were not experienced. The Westland "Wapiti" general-purpose machine used by the R.A.F. and for official flights by the Prince of Wales is being demonstrated in China and will be flown at the British Empire Exhibition in Buenos Aires next Spring.

À la Mode

Mrs. Spencer Cleaver, the daughter of Mr. H. M. Pollock, Minister of Finance for Northern Ireland, has sailed for the States with her Gipsy Moth, intending to fly from New York to Hollywood. Having been to India and back by air, Mrs. Cleaver is convinced that the only way to get a true idea of a country in a short time is to fly over it. Mrs. Alan Butler has been gliding with the North Cotswold, one of the many clubs where plane-sailing is practised.

A "Sky Pilot" in Tanganyika

Until the end of 1928, only two aerodromes were maintained in this vast expanse of Central Africa, those at Tabora and Mwanza, both of which are on the old line of air communication from North to South. They were cleared afresh in 1926 for Sir Alan Cobham and have been used by the Royal Air Force and by all Service and civilian pilots ever since. When the permanent African air route was originally planned in detail some three years ago, it was decided to take the line through the centre of Kenya and Tanganyika so that it should coincide with the "line" of White settlement. This meant constructing new aerodromes in both Colonies, and during last year eight were prepared in Tanganyika, five of which are licensed for small- and medium-sized machines at Dar-es-Salaam, Dodoma, Kondoa Irangi, Moshi and Korogwe, the two original sites at Tabora and Mwanza being also available. Further sites are being developed at Kigoma, Tanga and Mbeya, the last named being a night halt on the new air line to be opened by Imperial Airways next year. A Director of Civil Aviation has been appointed, and five Government machines are in operation on survey, patrol and communication duties.

PLAYER'S AIRMAN TOBACCOS

SOLD IN 1oz. 2oz. & 4oz. PACKINGS

ALL AT 9½D. PER OZ.

AIRMAN MIXTURE
AIRMAN NAVY CUT
AIRMAN FLAKE
AIRMAN GOLDEN HONEYDEW
AIRMAN BROWN HONEYDEW

BY WEPSTER MURRAY

THE AVALANCHE

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive Bystander *photograph* *By Lenare*

LINGERIE REFLECTS THE TREND OF MODERN FASHIONS

Beautiful dresses demand perfectly cut underclothes, for without them the line is destroyed and success is impossible. The white washing satin set in this picture comes from Walpole Bros., and each garment has been specially designed to go with the new frocks. They are bordered with ecru lace and have appliquéd bird motifs. The multi-coloured boudoir wrap combines warmth and lightness, for it is expressed in georgette embossed with velvet, and has a silk lining with a soft interlining. The collar is of black ring velvet

Eloquent Details at London Dress Shows

By Olive Caley Smith

THE story is not everything. The way in which it is told counts tremendously. And so, built upon a foundation of Empire, Princess, and Victorian modes, small details and accessories add colour to the tale of the autumn fashions. There is an air of deceptive simplicity about the new clothes which creates an outstanding impression, though actually a moulded outline calls for a multitude of invisible seams, and can only achieve success when created by an artist and worn by a superbly corseted woman.

NORMAN HARTNELL is showing a preponderance of Empire gowns, and in some of his evening frocks he stresses the very high waistline by abbreviated jackets which stop short two or three inches above the waist. He also does amusing cape coats which have only one short sleeve. Tiny berets, embroidered in sequins, are among his evening novelties, and he has revived the vogue for dark velvet sashes on diaphanous fabrics. For daytime clothes he makes a feature of crenellated edges and unusual inset vests.

TWEEDS assume a new and very attractive character when Isobel takes them in hand. With neat street suits in rich browns and soft reds she exploits narrow scarves of caracul or beaver. These widen at the ends, and are tied loosely at the throat, or, when they complement more formal ensembles, they are expressed in mink or ermine and are knotted beneath one ear. She proved the elegance of matching linings and the charm of leaf-petalled lingerie collars, cut-out flower borders, and long pastel-hued gloves.

RUSSIAN tunics were one of the surprises that Maison Arthur sprang upon an interested audience at the May Fair Hotel. There was also a lamé afternoon dress which revealed a black satin underskirt, and gorgeous lamé blouses worn with face cloth suits. Ecru lace yokes on dark frocks, deep gauntlet cuffs studded with silver rings on a prune-coloured crêpe de Chine dress, and tricot blouses were other points of interest, while Victorian berthes and bustle effects distinguished many of their evening gowns.

THE jumper suit sketched on the left of our illustration is typical of the dresses that will be worn beneath tweed or fur coats. The skirt has a carefully moulded hip yoke which causes the jumper to fit snugly, and the inset vest of beige georgette accents the original neckline. It is made of blue and beige flamingo, and costs 7½ guineas at Robinson and Cleaver's, of Regent Street. There are some delightful tweed stockinette frocks for only 35*s.* 9*d.*, while for 49*s.* 11*d.* there is a collection of new cardigan suits in autumn colours.

NO sensible woman plans her winter wardrobe without including at least one fur coat, for they are invaluable in this climate. Sketched on this page is a beautiful Persian lamb model trimmed with sable squirrel. Hard-wearing and sumptuous in appearance, it costs 59 guineas at the City Fur Stores, whose showrooms are on the first floor at 64, St. Paul's Churchyard. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent free on request.

Blue flamingo, with a beige spot and an inset georgette vest, is used for this distinctive jumper suit from Robinson and Cleaver. The Persian lamb coat comes from the City Fur Stores, and has a roll collar and novel cuffs of sable squirrel

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick-headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

LA GRANDE MAISON DE BLANC

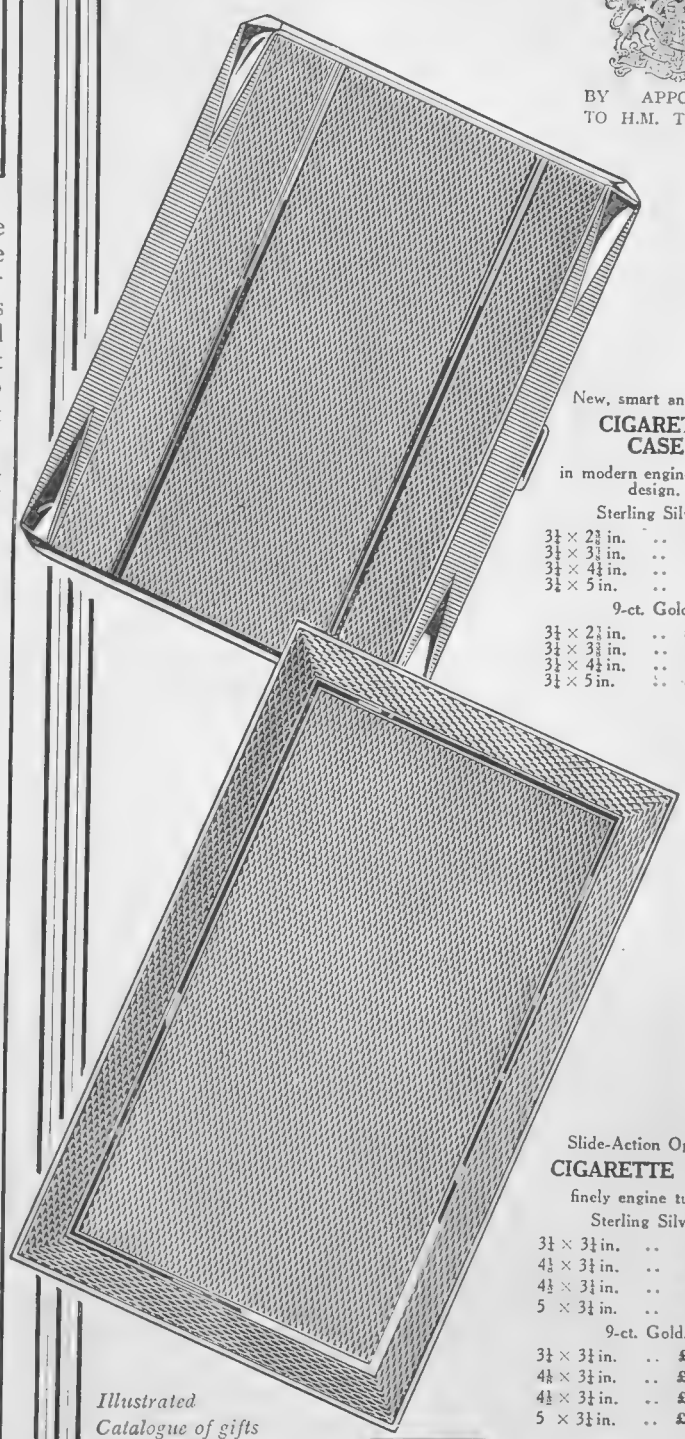
DE PARIS

133 NEW BOND STREET
MAYFAIR 2388

A LARGE SELECTION of LATEST PARISIAN CREATIONS

HANDKERCHIEFS-SCARVES
SILK STOCKINGS
LINGERIE-DESHABILLES
SPORTS JUMPERS
BABY WEAR
WOOL & SILK UNDERWEAR
BED & HOUSEHOLD LINEN

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING



New, smart and practical
CIGARETTE CASE
in modern engine-turned design.

Sterling Silver.

3½ × 2⅞ in.	..	£2 5 0
3½ × 3⅛ in.	..	£3 2 6
3½ × 4⅛ in.	..	£4 5 0
3½ × 5 in.	..	£4 17 6

9-ct. Gold.

3½ × 2¾ in.	..	£10 10 0
3½ × 3⅜ in.	..	£15 0 0
3½ × 4½ in.	..	£22 0 0
3½ × 5 in.	..	£26 0 0

Slide-Action Opening
CIGARETTE CASE,
finely engine turned.

Sterling Silver.

3½ × 3½ in.	..	£2 15 0
4⅛ × 3½ in.	..	£3 15 0
4½ × 3½ in.	..	£4 17 6
5 × 3½ in.	..	£5 5 0

9-ct. Gold.

3½ × 3½ in.	..	£17 0 0
4⅛ × 3½ in.	..	£21 0 0
4½ × 3½ in.	..	£26 0 0
5 × 3½ in.	..	£27 10 0

Illustrated Catalogue of gifts for men sent upon application.

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

112 Regent Street 112
London W.1

(At the Corner of Glasshouse Street)

NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS

MOTOR NOTES

Sport and General

Miss Belcher and Miss Budgell photographed at Cairo after completing their journey from the Cape. The car they drove was a second-hand 1924 Morris Tourer

MOTORING MANNERS

By E. M. Wright

SEAT a man at the wheel, and in a flash his manners desert him. The most polished grand seigneur assumes the bearing and the habits of a peasant. Quiet and unassuming men bare their teeth and play the tyrant, while men who have never let so much as a "damn" escape their lips in the presence of a woman rival a Billingsgate porter before their wives and sweethearts without so much as a perfunctory apology. The elderly colonel who in the drawing-rooms of his friends passes as a model of old-world courtesy growls worse than the sergeant-major of story-book and legend when he takes the road. Meek little Mr. Smith, who trots so obligingly after his wife, is monarch of all he surveys the moment he presses the starter button. If he is not he blankety-blank wants to know the blankety-blank reason why! Dashing young bloods and flighty young things alone remain normal—and the less said on that point the better!

***

HALF, and probably more than half, the accidents on the road to-day are due to bad manners and lack of consideration for others. No one in his pedestrian existence would dream of forcing himself to the head of the queue. It is not done. On the road, however, emphatically it *is* done—and done every day by every sort of driver. Though his own car be the staidest of family saloons, nothing will satisfy a motorist's honour till he has passed—or held up the traffic for miles in attempting to pass—a powerful sports model ahead of him. He may potter happily for miles, but the warning toot of an overtaking vehicle automatically prompts him to open the throttle wide, step on the gas, and let his bus rip for all she is worth. In the days of dusty roads this might have been excused, but when almost every by-way has its tar dressing there is nothing except stupid pride to justify such action.

***

MOTORISTS are loud in their complaints of the "processions" on the main roads to popular holiday resorts. These are not processions; they are dog-fights. Every single car is for ever trying to overtake the one in front of it. Hence the prevalence of that crime of crimes—cutting in. Hence the prevalence of unnecessary horn-blowing; for what an enormous number of drivers wish to convey is not so much a legitimate warning as a peremptory command to get out of their way.

***

WHY, too, do people persist in darting out of side turnings without the slightest thought of possible traffic on the main road they are about to turn into or cross? It is because the average driver is thoughtlessly selfish. Were two men *on foot* to crash into each other at a street corner, each would be profuse in his apologies to the other. Each would realise that the cause was pure carelessness. When, as so frequently happens, two cars collide in exactly similar circumstances, it is invariably the other who is to blame; and— the epitome of selfishness—each will stoutly maintain that he gave audible warning of his approach. Is it, however, reasonable to suppose that by sounding his horn a motorist is relieved of all further responsibility? It is not, but thousands imagine that a single blast on the horn gives them the right of way. It would save many a smash were Mr. Smith—and particularly Mrs. Smith—to realise that their car is not a fire-engine or a motor ambulance.

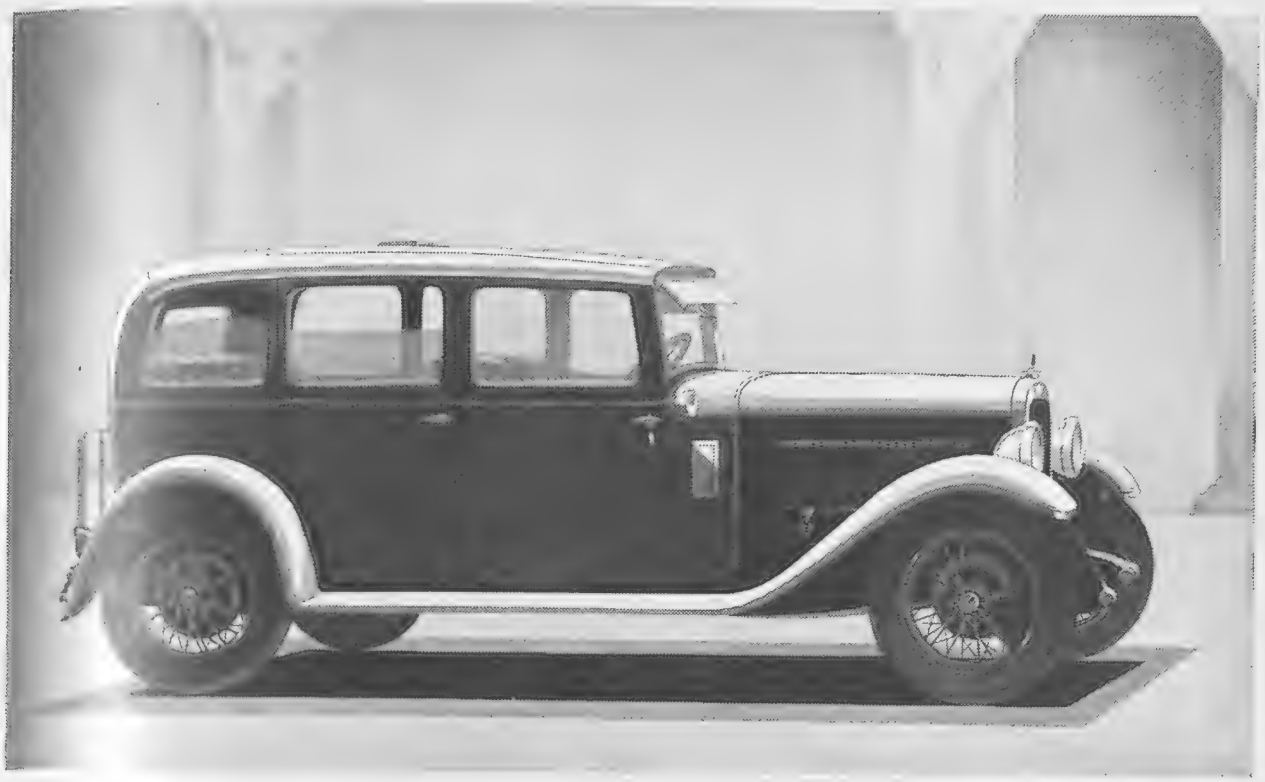
***

THESE faults are as old as motoring itself, and are in no way peculiar to the present motoring generation. They are more noticeable only because there are so many more motorists. But in one regard we do appear to be definitely less courteous than earlier generations of motorists. We do not stop to offer assistance to those who are in trouble, and we certainly do not stop to offer lifts. I repeat: We appear to be less courteous. I do not think that we are. If a man is a member of one of the motoring organisations he has at

(Continued on page vii)

An exterior "shoot" from the British film, "Escape," taken by the Hyde Park Tube Station Sir Gerald du Maurier, who plays lead in the film version of John Galsworthy's famous play, is seen standing beside an attractive 6½-litre Bentley

AS • DEPENDABLE • AS • AN • AUSTIN



THE 'SIXTEEN' BURNHAM SALOON

Forty Pounds Less—Yet Greater in Beauty More Lavishly Equipped, More Thoroughly Dependable than ever.

Austin does not aim to build cheap cars. Yet the price reductions on the Austin 'Sixteen' are remarkable.

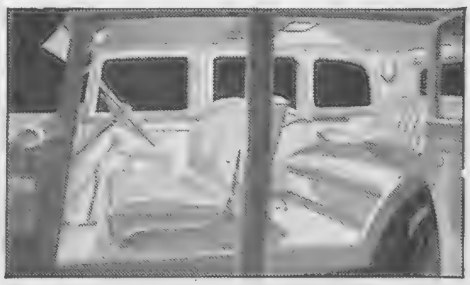
Especially is this apparent when you examine the great advances in coachwork. These are the outstanding features of the coming season's models.

Without sacrificing headroom a lower and more graceful roof line has been achieved. Windscreens are sloping. Bonnets longer, scuttles shorter. The interiors are unusually interesting—even elaborate. Rear seats are fitted with a centre folding arm-rest. Folding tables and foot-rests are neatly fitted in the back of the front seats. As previously, chromium plating, Triplex glass, Dunlop tyres are standard.

In short, the bodies—while arresting in line and beauty—are not designed for appearance alone, but for maximum comfort and riding ease.

Consider these advancements . . . consider them in conjunction with Austin's outstanding dependability. Then for cars of quality—consider the price!

Examine these cars at Olympia, Stand No. 85.



The luxuriously equipped interior. Note the tea-tables and foot-rests fitted into the backs of the front seats.

OLYMPIA
STAND No. 85

PRICES OF 'SIXTEEN' MODELS

Coachbuilt Burnham Saloon	£335
Salisbury Fabric Saloon (six-window)	£335
Beaconsfield Fabric Saloon (four-window)	£335
New Open Road Tourer	£310
Harrow 2-Seater	£310

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1.
Showrooms & Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page iv)

hand a first-aid service far better than any which the average passing motorist can supply, and if he is not a member he does not deserve our sympathy. Quite frankly, too, sympathy would in any case be about all a man in trouble would get from a very large number of present-day motorists who have only the vaguest notions of the working of their cars.

***

MODELS of 1931 are all the rage, and even in the realm of pumps and tyre-pressure testers one finds the magic phrase applied. The Kismet of '31 tyre tester is the very latest version of this popular article, and is much improved in detail, with larger figures and an easier method of applying to the valve. The retail price is but 6*s.* 9*d.*, and each tester is now enclosed in a leather finger.

***

SOMETIMES I doubt if it is not straining the truth a little to describe certain models as being "entirely new." But this week no such qualms attack me, for what could be newer than a couple of week-old "babies"? The Triumph people have introduced a baby Light Six, the "Scorpion," rated at only 11.8 h.p., which is in effect the well-known Super-Seven writ a little larger. Though the name "Scorpion" might suggest a hot summer's night in a Turkish dungeon, the car itself is most attractive to look upon, and has a very sporting performance. One model only is standard, the coachbuilt saloon at £237 10*s.* A little longer than the Seven, it has a full-sized four-seater body with two specially wide doors. Features of its equipment are a sliding roof, finger-tip control, safety glass, and leather upholstery.

THE other "baby" is the Swift Cadet—a new 8 h.p. car—which sells at £160 for the four-seater tourer, and £185 for the saloon in either fabric or semi-coachbuilt form. The car is fitted with a four-cylinder side-valve engine, and has a three-speed unit construction gear box with unusually large gears to ensure quiet running, semi-elliptic springs with shock absorbers both front and rear and a rear petrol tank, the petrol supply being by means of an Autovac.

***

Many people would think twice before climbing on to the sliding roof of their car and dousing it with water. However, the New Ford De Luxe Fordor Saloon Model seen above suffered no ill-effects whatever, not one drop penetrating the interior or entering the engine or carburettor

THE Vauxhall concern have produced a six-cylinder model of the type foreshadowed in these pages some weeks ago, namely, one in which two alternative engine sizes are available. Called the Vauxhall Cadet, the model intended for the home market has an engine paying a tax of £17, while the one for export, which is identically the same in all other particulars, has an engine of 26.3 h.p., and a gear box with considerably higher ratios. The standard "Richmond" saloon sells at the very low figure of £280. Its lines are attractive, and the car is available in many different colour schemes. Long, semi-elliptic springs with shock absorbers all round render the car particularly comfortable. E. M. W.

new

WILKINSON SAFETY RAZOR

with **LONG-LIFE HOLLOW GROUND BLADES . . .**

The smooth velvet shaving of this razor is a revelation. The blades have long life—entailing a big reduction in your blade bill.

Complete Sets, 7/6, 10/6,

21/-

Standard Set.

27/6, 35/–, 42/–.

Packets of Blades, 4/6.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Perfect self-stropping

All Sets complete with long-life Hollow Ground Blades, Self-stropping razor and strop.

Wilkinson Safety Razor

WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD. EMPIRE MODEL 53, Pall Mall, London, W.1. Factory: Acton, London.

SUDAN

Tourists can reach KHARTOUM *viâ* EGYPT, or proceed to PORT SUDAN direct by various steamship lines. Passengers travel in complete comfort both by rail and river. The GRAND HOTEL, KHARTOUM, and the PORT SUDAN HOTEL are under the Management of the Railways and Steamers Department. During the winter months the social life of KHARTOUM is at its height, and tours of great interest are organised for the benefit of visitors.

S.S. "GEDID" LEAVING KHARTOUM FOR SOUTH.

THE SUDAN is one of the most easily accessible countries in which Big Game abounds, and its large territory affords a most varied choice of shooting grounds.

PRIVATE STEAMERS can be chartered at fixed rates which include catering, servants, transport animals, forage and attendants, bearers, skinners and camp equipment.

As the number of steamers available is subject to the demands of river traffic, prospective charterers should make early application. Excursions can also be arranged in conjunction with the Game Warden, Khartoum, for those wishing to shoot in the Blue Nile, Kordofan or Dongola Districts.

Full particulars from—

SUDAN GOVERNMENT, LONDON OFFICE,
WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Telegrams: Sudanology, Sowest, London. *Telephone: Victoria 6313.*

PETROL FOR EASY STARTING

Every morning you slip into your car and switch on. Every morning off she goes at the first touch on the button. The 'lighter fractions' in the New BP fire at once—saving fruitless attempts to start! Giving you extra miles per gallon.

PETROL FOR ACCELERATION

Down goes the policeman's hand. Down goes your foot on the accelerator. In a moment you're in top again threading the traffic swiftly, surely. The 'high overall volatility' of the New BP is saving you miles per gallon.

PETROL FOR POWER AT SPEED

Five in the car and a stack of luggage. But hark to that smooth clean roar of power. BP's 'heavier hydrocarbons' give more power from every drop—more miles per gallon!

GET ALL THREE IN THE NEW 'BP'

DOGS

COAT CHANGING — By Lady Kitty Ritson

THIS is the time of year when dogs cast their coats and get their new winter jackets. It is inevitable that this should be so, but it does not make it any the more pleasant for the inmates of the house, nor less annoying when carpets and rugs are covered with hairs. It cannot be stopped, but it can be accelerated, and, of course, brushing and a certain amount of combing do help tremendously. If the old coat is not removed, the new coat can't come out. Casting the coat is very debilitating, and a dog should be extra well-fed while this process is taking place, and extra meat should be given, as well as an occasional egg. Few people realise how important it is to provide these extra rations, and what a difference it makes to the rapidity with which the moulting process can be finished and done with. A dog that always lives in the house is apt to take longer over the operation than a dog that has an out-of-door kennel, and, as a rule, it is better for dogs with heavy coats to sleep out of doors.

AT this time of year, however, thoughtless people are apt to cause a great deal of unnecessary suffering to their animals by allowing them to lie in front of a fire, or in a centrally-heated house, till ten o'clock and then turning them out into a cold and draughty kennel. Most out-of-door kennels are improperly constructed, and it is ridiculous to use these when there are such excellent kennels on the market.

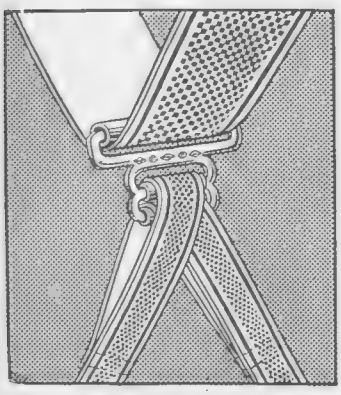
Sport and General

Mrs. E. M. Bowler's Cocker Spaniel, Smuggler's Treasure, carrying a rabbit. The photograph was taken at a recent Gundog Obedience Test

It should be well off the ground, allowing a free current of air underneath, and it should never be draughty nor, above all, damp. The best plan is to have a box within the kennel itself filled with dry straw, so that the dog can creep inside and keep warm by its own body-heat. Cold, by itself, apart from draughts, never hurts a dog; it is only when damp and draughts are added that troubles begin. But, obviously, if a dog is to sleep outside, it should be taken for a walk before dark and then not put back into the house, but straight into the kennel, so that the difference in temperature is not too marked.

AFTER bitches have had puppies they always lose their coats. This is natural, but they, too, need feeding up, especially with extra fat and the addition of a daily egg. A mild tonic is a good thing in these circumstances. Hand grooming gets rid of the dead hair quicker than anything else, especially if the hand is damp and passed briskly along the back.

FARMER'S WIFE (to chemist): "Now be sure and write plainly on the bottles which is for the horse and which is for my husband. I don't want anything to happen to that horse before the next agricultural show!"



ROLLER BEARINGS GIVE COMPLETE BRACE COMFORT

This latest G.O. refinement in brace design gives a better trouser balance and a new shoulder freedom. It is only one of many details which make the Gent's Own Brace the choice of every well-dressed man.

G.O. BRACES 2/6 & 3/6 PER PAIR

Your Hosier will show you a selection from the many designs available.

A BOON TO DOG OWNERS

BELOW is illustrated the Free Information Bureau Certificate. It entitles members to the free advice and help of a fully qualified veterinary surgeon. It relieves them of worry and expense. To become a member all you need do is to fill in the coupon, and send it to the address below.

In addition to the benefit of advice and help every member receives quarterly a copy of Spillers' Dog and Poultry Journal—a bright magazine, full of practical and authoritative articles on all matters pertaining to dogs and their welfare.

Your certificate of membership awaits you . . .

JUST FILL IN THE COUPON

Special Enrolment Bureau at Spillers' Stand at the Kennel Club Show.

TO

SPILLERS LIMITED,
Spillers' Victoria Foods Branch,
19, Jacob Street, Bermondsey,
London, S.E.1.

I wish to become a member of Spillers' Free Information Bureau. Please Post Certificate of Membership to

Name.....

Address.....

Name and Address of Dealer .....

.....

.....

WEIRD STORIES

Now Ready.

A most entertaining Book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE PER COPY

2/6

(Postage 4d. extra).

Order with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Ltd.,
Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

"Etrille" Shoes
by courtesy of H. & M. Rayne, Ltd.

How to have prettier ankles

EVERY woman can improve the appearance of her ankles if she but follow the example of the clever leaders of Society and wear Silk Stockings of the Higher-Grade. And there, Madam, you have a little-known secret of dress!

Jackdaw Brand are Higher-Grade Stockings — *Tailored - in - Pure - Silk.* Because of this, you pay a trifle more for Jackdaw . . . but . . . what a world of difference!

Handle Jackdaw and you will have a thrill. Glory in the wonderfully-smooth and even texture. See the rich, *natural* sheen that none but Higher-Grade Silkwear can show. Test the "Tailored" qualities that compel the stockings to fit, wrinkle-free, from top to toe — qualities due to full-fashioning in conjunction with a silk yarn so elastic that it will stretch to a sixth of its length and then return, without breaking! Observe the absence of seam under the foot — a comfort-point you will appreciate after a night of dancing.

Exclusive shades; special colours for evening wear. The most remarkable value ever offered and a luxury — as well as a comfort — every woman can enjoy; especially as Jackdaw Stockings can be bought for as low as 3/11 the pair.

Mr. Laddie Cliff, the Actor Manager, says:—
"Who shall define beauty? But pretty legs and ankles, appropriately clad, certainly contribute to a girl's beauty. Whoever neglects to make the most of her ankles is neglecting a means to make herself attractive."

Laddie Cliff

Seamless 3/11. Fully-Fashioned, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, 9/11 per pair. Obtainable almost everywhere. Should difficulty arise apply for address of nearest dealer to:— Jackdaw Hosiery, Leith House, 22 Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

Jackdaw
TAILORED IN PURE SILK STOCKINGS
fully fashioned from 4/11

Samson Clark

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

CROQUETTES DE HUÎTRES.

INDIAN SPATCHCOCK.

TOMATES FARCIES.

FLAN D'ORANGES.

CROÛTES AUX CHAMPIGNONS.

CAFÉ.

Croquettes de Huîtres

BEARD two dozen large cooking oysters, drain and chop them, and mix in a basin with ½ lb. of breadcrumbs, 2 ozs. of butter, two tablespoonfuls of white sauce, pepper, cayenne, and a little lemon juice. Stir over a slow fire to get warm through, then spread on a plate to cool. Shape the mixture into small cork shapes, cover with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Drain well, garnish with fried parsley and cut lemon.

Indian Spatchcock

SPLIT and boil lightly a small chicken. Place the chicken when cold flat open in a fireproof pan, and pour the following sauce over. Put it in the oven, and baste well with the sauce till the chicken is thoroughly heated through. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked. Sauce: One teaspoonful each of made mustard, Worcester sauce and anchovy essence, one dessertspoonful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of ketchup, two tablespoonfuls of clear stock or gravy, three tablespoonfuls of cream, and a dust of cayenne. Mix well together, heat, and pour over the chicken.

DINER

Natives Royal
ou
Caviar de Beluga Chez Quaglino

Consommé de Chameau aux Nids d'Hirondelles

Homard Grand Succès

Suprême de Volailles Premier Anniversaire
Pommes Magda
Velouté Champenoise

Doyenné de Comice Petit Dennis
Mignardises

Barquette Florentine

Gateau du Bon Soubait

Mercredi, 1 Octobre, 1930.

Quaglino

The menu of the special birthday dinner served recently at Chez Quaglino. It has been signed by M. Quaglino

Tomates Farcies

CHOOSE large tomatoes, scoop out the insides, wash them in salt and water and let them drain on a sieve. Cook some rice until done (fifteen minutes), dry it well, and then stir into it some butter, a very little finely chopped onion and parsley. Fill the tomatoes with this and cook them in the oven until done. Be sure to have some butter on the tomatoes while they are cooking.

Correction

OWING to a printer's error the following recipe was not complete when published in our issue of September 17th, so in response to several readers' requests, it is being inserted again.

CRÈME CARAMEL.

Put 1 oz. of castor sugar into a stewpan with one tablespoonful of water and allow it to boil quickly until it becomes a dark golden colour. Pour the caramel into a dry mould, run it round the mould until thoroughly coated. When set pour in the following: Boil one pint and a half of milk, add 1 oz. of castor sugar, some lemon peel, and 3 ozs. of ground rice sprinkled in and stirred slowly till it thickens. Cook for ten minutes, remove the lemon rind, and pour the mixture into the prepared mould. When cold and quite set, turn out into a glass or silver dish, when the caramel will form a delicious sauce.

WOMAN'S GOOD APPEARANCE

depends first of all on the contours of her face and neck. As soon as the skin becomes loose and baggy, as shown in the first photograph, age becomes apparent. By the entirely new and safe Hystogen Electro-Thermic Method, evolved and practised personally by a highly skilled and experienced Swiss Specialist, the result as shown in the second photograph is achieved in a few short visits, and the face and neck made young again. Also, wrinkles around the eyes, unsightly noses, ears and lips, and skin flaws, etc., are permanently corrected by the latest scientific methods in from one to three visits. Thousands of clients have already benefited by his wonderful treatment. Consultations are free, and signed articles written by Lady Maud Warrender, Rosita Forbes, Margery Lawrence, Gilbert Frankau and other prominent people, who have investigated the Hystogen Method for the British Public, are sent free on application, together with other literature, to readers of "The Bystander."

HYSTOGEN (Est. 1910), 40, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.1

KINMEL SCHOOL — THE NEW ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Opened in September, 1929—available for boys from 13. For Commerce and Engineering where vocational training is combined with the best Public School tradition.

Chairman of the Governors—LORD TEYNHAM. Headmaster: Mr. R. A. GORDON CANE, B.Sc.

The boys are housed in a modern Mansion of more than 100 rooms, 400 feet above sea-level, in its park of 300 acres overlooking the sea, the Welsh mountains and the lovely Clwyd Valley. Bracing Climate. *Every modern convenience has been installed*, including Hot and Cold shower baths; all Cooking and Lighting by Electricity. Central heating in all dormitories. The dietary is ample and includes fruit, which makes the usual tuck-boxes unnecessary. Boxing, Rugby Football, Hockey, Cricket, etc. Model Office for business instruction. Engineering shop for experimental work.

Fees: 150 Guineas per annum (inclusive).

with reduced terms when necessary for the sons of Ex-Officers and the Clergy.

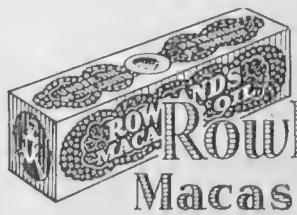
For particulars and prospectus apply to:

THE HEADMASTER, Kinmel School, Denbighshire.

When replying to advertisements please mention THE BYSTANDER to ensure prompt attention.

If you have dry hair

your hairdresser will advise you to use a preparation containing oil to counteract the dryness which is often the forerunner of greyness and baldness. Rowland's Macassar Oil has been famed for over 137 years for its tonic properties.



Of Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers — 3/6, 7/-, and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

JH&Co. RM12

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd., 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1.

Wool for Health

Wool is the foundation upon which your health and vitality largely depend . . . Clad in the smooth, fine Pure Wool and Silk and Wool textures of "Pesco" you are shielded from the cold and soothed by the comforting touch of nature's own protection . . .

All "Pesco" garments are unusually durable, unshrinkable and finely fashioned in modern, smoothly fitting styles which afford the utmost freedom of movement.

Pesco

Trade Mark

PESCO FINISH

ASK FOR "PESCO" SCOTCH AND BEST

Obtainable from leading Drapers and Hosiers in Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Underwear, also in knitted sports wear and hosiery. In case of difficulty enquire from the Makers for names of nearest Agents.

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD. (DEPT. No. 30), HAWICK, SCOTLAND

MAINTAINING APPEARANCES!

AT the table, in the theatre, smart and comfortable clothes play a large part in pleasure. Have them lined with a "COURTINE" LINING—woven by COURTAULDS — and guaranteed for permanent sleekness, colour and texture. Every tailor can supply patterns to match your clothes.

"Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

The name is on the selvedge.

COURTAULDS FABRIC

GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK.

If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS write direct to the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS, LIMITED, 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

OBESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS

...y remove all superfluous fat and toxins accumulated ...e cells of the system, bringing stout men or women ...r normal weight, at the same time giving vigour ...fe, vitality, strength and nerve force. This stan...ished treatment, double strength (sufficient for four ...ks) sent on receipt of 10 - post free. Only obtainable from ...ARTIN, Herbalist, 10, WELFORD RD., LEICESTER BOX 89.

Longines

10 Grands Prix

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

FROM ALL HIGH CLASS JEWELLERS

FOR FASHIONABLE FUR COATS

of quality payable by easy monthly instalments OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH US. No references and no deposit required. Visit our extensive showrooms or write for beautiful illustrated Fur Catalogue (Fur Dept.) and Catalogue for Ladies' Gowns, Coats, and Two-Piece Suits, &c., to Dept (B.13), **SMARTWEAR LTD., Radnor House, 93-97, Regent Street, London, W.1.**

Phone: Regent 2371-2372.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

HEAD OFFICES:
45, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL
155, Leadenhall St., LONDON, E.C.3

COMPREHENSIVE MOTOR POLICIES

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION:
7, Chancery Lane, W.C.2

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Helping the Unemployed

The huge factory, now being erected on Radford Boulevard, Nottingham, is a new and additional home for the manufacture of Player's famous cigarettes. Few of the passers-by watching the workers threading their way through the indescribable maze of steel girders realise that the erection of this factory has already contributed to the prosperity of many industries, and will provide employment in many parts of the country right up to the days when its doors open to the army of Player's skilled workers. 2,500 tons of British steel had to be made; thousands of tons of stone quarried, shaped and transported. Before the first girder stood up, some 125 stanchions had to be put in their place, each standing on a cement base requiring 18 tons of concrete cement and 1 ton of iron bars. The manufacture of hundreds of thousands of multi-coloured bricks and half-a-million or more white glazed bricks is providing many British workers with regular work and pay. Those who know are of opinion that this new building will be the most up-to-date cigarette factory in this country, if not in the world. When completed it will have a frontage of 500 feet, a depth of 66 feet, and a floor surface of 220,000 square feet distributed over 6 floors, and stands 85 feet above street level. Everything to minister to the comfort and health of the workers employed in it—heating, ventilation, lighting, and cleaning equipment—will be of British origin and manufacture, and in strict keeping with the high standard of quality to which the products of John Player and Sons owe their world-wide popularity. The new factory, the building of which has made an important contribution to the relief of unemployment, has been rendered necessary by the ever-increasing demand for Player's Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes. It ensures those conditions, in a remarkable degree, which are required for the many delicate processes involved in their manufacture.

The handsome cup representing "Pegasus," designed by Cartier for M. Jean Charles Worth. He offered it as a prize in the International Polo Games at Biarritz last month

Finger Posts to Sales

"If advertising is dropped it will be found that sales drop too," is the opinion of Mr. Harold Eley, advertising manager of the Dunlop Company, given in his book, "Selling by Post," just published by Pitman's. In this and in a companion book, "Hire Purchase," by Mr. Eley and Mr. Howard Withey, the whole processes of these two rapidly growing sales methods are interestingly described. Mr. Eley emphasises the importance of linking up advertisements with window displays and backing up announcements with service and quality. "Press advertising must receive your attention if you aim at complete success," is his advice.

An Attractive Prize

M. Jean Charles Worth offered as a prize for the International Polo Games at Biarritz, which took place on September 19 and 21, 1930, a cup representing "Pegasus" designed by Cartier. The figure stands 43 centimetres in height; the body of the horse is in silver patine; the wings and hoofs and the ball are in gold-plated silver, whilst the base and polo sticks are in polished silver. M. Worth has always been extremely interested in sport, and during his annual sojourn at St. Jean-de-Luz has interested himself in many branches of it.

Prizes for Best Kept Stations

The L.N.E.R. report that in the 1930 Best Kept Stations Competition in the district south of York, Special Class "A" prizes have been awarded to five stations, viz., Aldeburgh, Appleby (Lincs), Caythorpe, Willoughby and Wolferton. Class "B" prizes were won by Darsham, Elsenham, Helmdon, Leadenham, Lutterworth, and Woodhall Junction.

ATTRACTIVE TEA FROCKS FOR AUTUMN WEAR

Our Autumn collection of smart Tea Frocks, Tea and Home Dinner Gowns, includes an interesting assortment of models which we have produced at really moderate prices. These garments are made in our own workrooms from reliable quality materials and the value offered is altogether exceptional.

PRACTICAL BROCHÉ VELVET TEA FROCK in artistic designs and colourings, bodice cut with cape effect and fastening over coat shape; adjustable belt; lined georgette to tone.

PRICE **10½ Gns.**
In full fitting, **11½ Gns.**
Tea Gown Department, Second Floor.

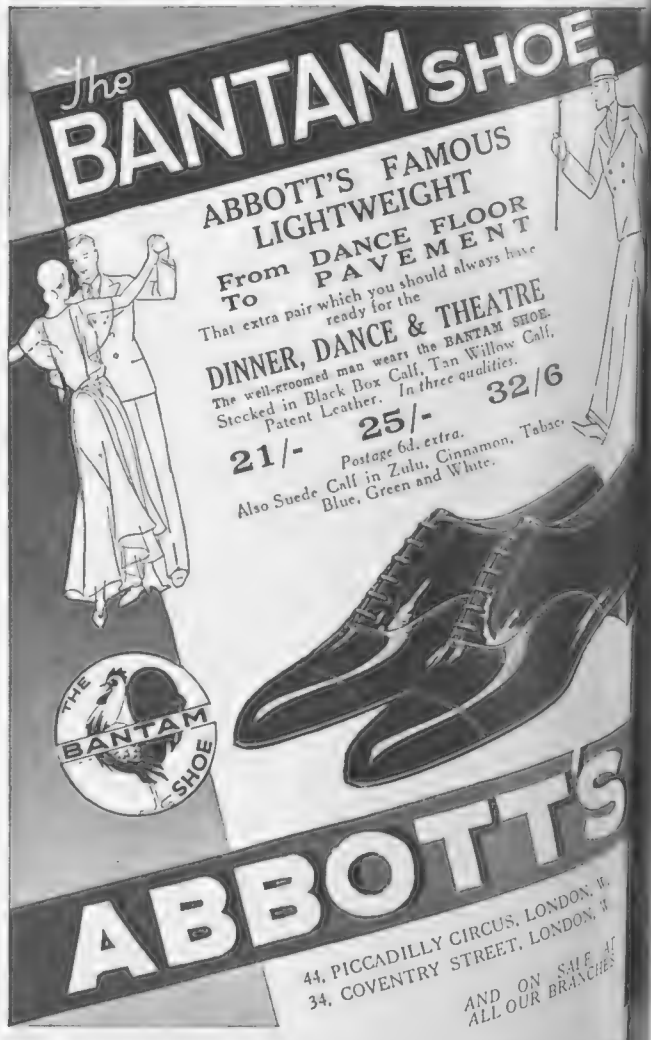
Catalogue post free.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.1

The BANTAM SHOE

ABBOTT'S FAMOUS LIGHTWEIGHT
From DANCE FLOOR To PAVEMENT
That extra pair which you should always have ready for the
DINNER, DANCE & THEATRE
The well-groomed man wears the BANTAM SHOE.
Stocked in Black Box Calf, Tan Willow Calf, Patent Leather. In three qualities.
21/- 25/- 32/6
Postage 6d. extra.
Also Suede Calf in Zulu, Cinnamon, Tabac Blue, Green and White.



THE BANTAM SHOE

ABBOTT'S

44, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.
34, COVENTRY STREET, LONDON, W.
AND ON SALE AT ALL OUR BRANCHES

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. October 8, 1930.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

There's a WOLSEY garment

FOR EVERY WOMAN

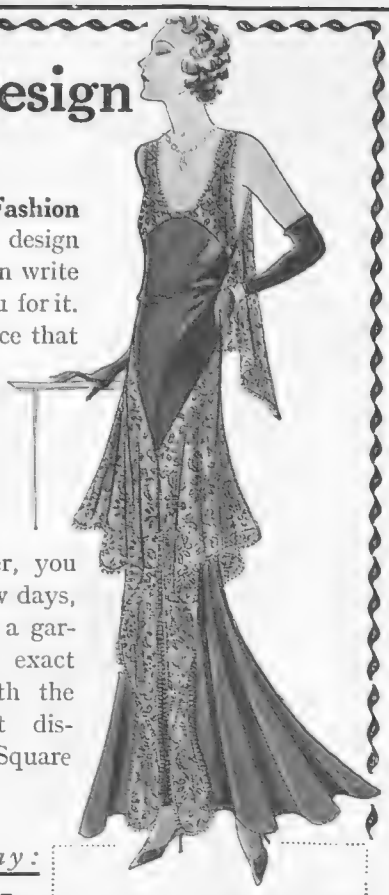
MAN AND CHILD

Do you imagine Wolsey is good but dull? Never believe it! There is Wolsey for everybody. Some Wolsey is gay enough for a trousseau, smart enough to wear under a Paris frock. Other Wolsey is specially hard-wearing, puts warmth before style. You please yourself.

Ask your draper to show you his full range. If it doesn't include exactly what you want that is because he hasn't got it, not because Wolsey doesn't make it. Send a postcard to Wolsey Ltd., Leicester, we'll help you.

INSIST ON THE NEW 1930 WOLSEY FOR WOMEN, MEN AND CHILDREN

Choose a Design
you like—



Look through any Fashion Journal — Select the design that you admire. Then write and ask us to quote you for it. We will give you a price that you will find very reasonable indeed, and send you one of our self-measurement forms.

Then, when you order, you will have within a few days, at a reasonable price, a garment made to your exact measurements and with the cut and finish that distinguishes Hanover Square creations.

Write or Call To-day:

Mayfair Models
(Dept. B.S. 110),
25, Hanover Square,
Mayfair 2180. **London, W.1.**

This attractive and graceful evening gown on the newest lines, carried out in a beautiful lace and heavy chiffon, is merely an example of our designs and prices.

Made to your own measurements. **9½ Gns.**

Ready for the Colder Weather

You will find it very practical economy to have your Winter Wear cleaned or dyed by "Achille Serre." It will save many new purchases and yet ensure your looking "well-dressed." Cleaning and dyeing in the "Achille Serre Way" is quick and inexpensive; but, above all, it is *reliable*. For over 50 years we have succeeded in pleasing some of the most particular people in the Country. And we can please you.

"Most Women Do" *is the title of an interesting little book, illustrated by Norman Keene, on Ladies' Dress. We shall be pleased to post a copy on request.*

T 32

	Cleaned from	*Dyed from*
Costumes	7/6	12/6
Jumper Suits	6/6	10/6
Coats (long)	6/6	10/6

Return Carriage Paid if sent direct.

Achille Serre Ltd.
Blackhorse Lane, London, E.17

UNIVERSAL HAIR Co.

Established 1895.

West End Branch:
1, BERNERS ST., OXFORD ST., W.1.

TRANSFORMATIONS TOUPETS, ETC., AT MODERATE PRICES.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ORNAMENTAL HAIRWORK UNDERTAKEN AND CAREFULLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

SPECIAL SHADE EXTRA.

Switches of Pure Human Hair.

16 in. ..	5/9	22 in. ..	15/9
18 in. ..	8/9	24 in. ..	22/9
20 in. ..	11/9	26 in. ..	26/9
		28 in. ..	37/9

FOR

GOODS ON APPROVAL
SEE OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Address Manageress:
80-84, Foxberry Road,
BROCKLEY, S.E.4.

"STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS"
(COCKER)

BRONZE BY T. IVESTER LLOYD
Price £5 . 5 . 0

This engaging study of a very busy person is 3½ inches high, and is mounted on a marble plinth (not seen in above photograph), 1¾ inches high. No one who loves a Cocker can resist it.

Obtainable only from The Sporting Gallery, where orders will be executed in strict rotation. Price £5 . 5 . 0; packing and postage extra.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

When replying to advertisements please mention

THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention.

GOLF

Sports Coat and Plus Fours from **5** Guineas To Order.

Patterns and Self-measurement Forms on application.

FREDK. POOLE & CO.
New Address: 20, REGENT ARCADE (Near Oxford Circus)
Tel. Regent 3104.
Formerly of 219, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

*Madame...*Correct your figure with a Belt by Roussel

FIGURE beauty is manifested in many different forms and each type of figure will find its true expression in a Roussel Belt. These perfect foundation garments are fashioned in beauty's mould by the world's leading corsetier—Roussel of Paris. There is a Roussel Belt to fit your figure exactly. Its finely open weave of elastic and silk envelops, supports and holds you to the correct form—smoothes away too generous lines by a gentle massaging action. Although completely controlling and slimming the figure, your Roussel Belt is light, and airy—luxurious as silk—soft and yielding as a glove.

Here are two Roussel Belts with half lacings. The independent Brassiere is an exquisite piece of work—hand made in finest French lace. This combination of Belt and Brassiere is ideal for the active woman inclined to golf or other outdoor sports. But for the more formal occasions there are Roussel Long Belts that set off your newest gowns to perfection.

Come and see them at the Regent Street Salons.

On sale only at J. Roussel *(of Paris)* 177 Regent St. *(Dept. G)* W.1.

And 8a, Thurloe Place, Opp. Brompton Oratory, S.W.7.

POST ORDERS

You can order by post with confidence. Correct fitting guaranteed. Give size of bust, waist, hips (stripped) and total height. Prices Belt (as illustrated above) 16 ins. deep with half lacings at side and hip. In firm thread elastic, Peach colour, 38/-; in thread and silk elastic £4.0.0 Brassiere 7 in Coral Pink 35/-; in White, 28/-. Belt (as illustrated below) 12 ins. deep with half lacing at waist, in firm thread elastic 23/-, in thread and silk elastic 55/-. Brassiere 5 with wide diaphragm band in Peach 42/-; in White 34/-.

PARIS Boul Malesherbes · HAGUE 21, Noordeinde · AMSTERDAM 14, Leidschestraat · ROTTERDAM 57c, Coolsingel · BRUSSELS 144, rue Neuve · LIEGE 13, rue Vinave d'Ile · ANTWERP 1, rue Quellin · CONSTANTINOPLE PERA, Place du Tunnel

GREY HAIR

REPEATED waving cannot affect Inecto recoloration, for the renewed colour is absolutely permanent. The treatment, which takes thirty minutes to complete, not only restores the *natural* shade, but also leaves the hair soft and silky, so that it is impossible to detect that Inecto has been used.

You can obtain this simple treatment at Inecto headquarters or at any hairdresser specialising in Inecto recoloration.

INECTO

SALONS:

32, Dover Street, London, W.1.

Telephone : Regent 7931

Are they made from St. Wolstan Wool ?

—a *material* consideration when buying socks.

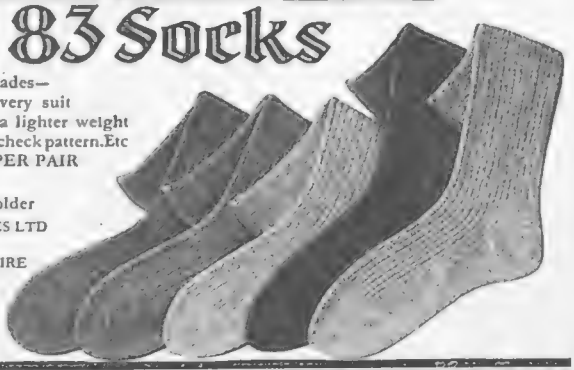
None but the most carefully picked pure botany ever bears the name St. Wolstan Wool By virtue of its good quality and length of staple, this wool gives a standard of comfort and service which cannot be expected of any other material. The Two Steeples No. 83 Socks are made solely from St. Wolstan Wool. Consequently you may reasonably anticipate exceptional comfort and good wear.

Two Steeples No. 83 Socks

36 Ingrain Shades—
a shade for every suit
Also No. 72, a lighter weight
No. 30—Neat check pattern. Etc
4/6 PER PAIR

Write for descriptive folder

TWO STEEPLES LTD
WIGSTON,
LEICESTERSHIRE

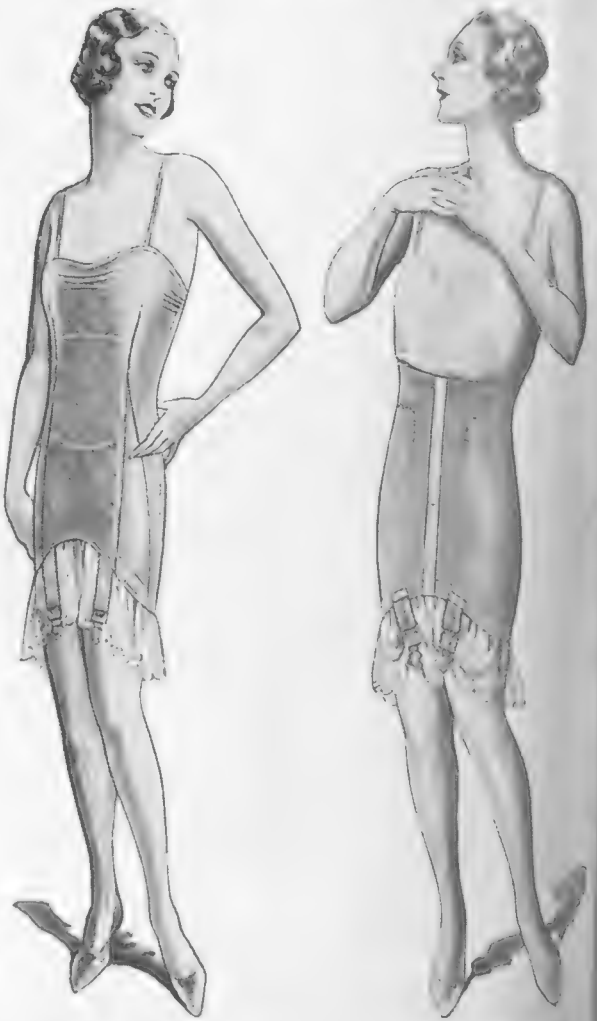


Corset Week

The fitted line having been accepted by the majority of women, we shall endeavour to demonstrate on living figures models which will suggest the waist-line without sacrificing comfort. These demonstrations will take place from

Monday, Oct. 13th,
until
Friday, Oct. 17th,

at 11.30 in the morning and 3.0 p.m. in the afternoon.



BERLEI CORSELETTE in pink net for a young curved figure requiring slight support. Bust sizes 32 to 36. Price **22/6**

AN ELASTIC BELT in peach or pink with medium length hips and carried up two inches above waist to give some control. Sizes 24 to 30. Price **59/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

DEBENHAMS LIMITED

VERE · STREET · AND · OXFORD · STREET · LONDON

GORRINGES

Range of *Guinea Handbags*

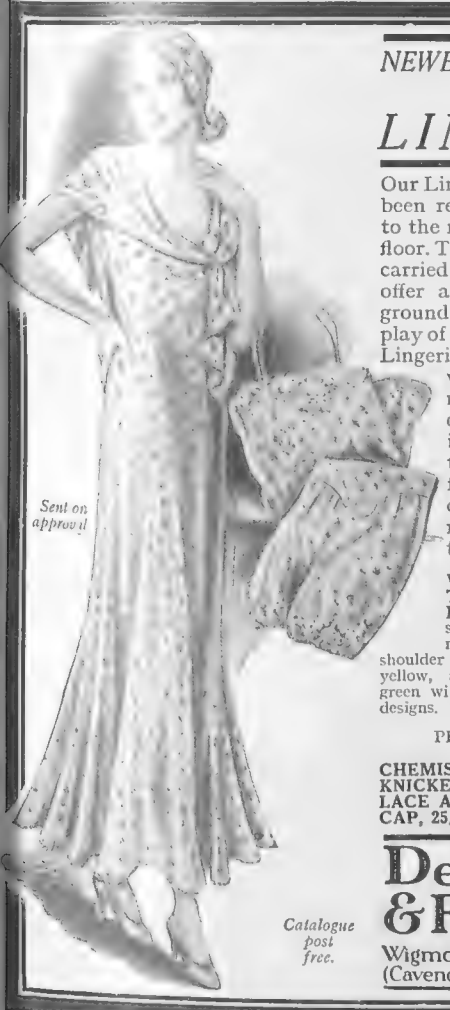
These smart Guinea Handbags are offered to mark the opening of the new Handbag Dept. on the Ground Floor. All are specially priced at 21/-, and represent Remarkable Value.

New shape MOROCCO BAG with new wrist strap, lined silk, and fitted leather lined divided inner and mirror. . . two leading colours. Size 9"×6". **Special Price - 21/-**
Initial 1/6 extra.

Very smart model styled in CALF with a slide frame fastening, lined silk moirette, and fitted divided inner and mirror and strap at back. Size 8½"×6". Colours: Black, Navy, Tan, Nigger, Scarlet, Wine and Bottle Green. **Special Price - 21/-**
Initial 1/6 extra.

REAL PIGSKIN BAG with collapsible handle, fitted leather lined divided inner and mirror, lined silk moirette. A smart bag for all occasions. Size 7½"×7". Colours: Natural, Havana, Black, Red, Navy and Nigger. **Special Price 21/-**
Initial 1/- extra.

FREDERICK GORRINGE, LTD.,
Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1.
Telephone: VICTORIA 8600.



Sent on approval

NEWEST NOVELTIES IN

LINGERIE

Our Lingerie Department has been removed from the first to the newly designed second floor. The fittings, having been carried out in light walnut, offer a very effective background to our wonderful display of the newest novelties in Lingerie. This department is without doubt the most beautiful and delightful of its kind in London and, further, the added privacy affords customers every comfort and convenience while making their purchases.

WONDERFUL VALUE IN TWO-PIECE NIGHT-DRESSES, in reliable pure silk triple ninon, trimmed narrow lace and original shoulder cape. In peach, pink, yellow, apricot, lime, ivory and green with dainty contrasting floral designs.

PRICE **49/6**

CHEMISE to match, **39/6.**
KNICKERS to match, **39/6.**
LACE AND RIBBON BOUDOIR CAP, 25/9.

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square), London, W.1

D.B. Chesterfield Burberry

Tweed 1890 Burberry

CATALOGUE of Overcoats for every possible purpose, and **PATTERNS** of materials, post free on mention of "Bystander."

When Choosing an Overcoat

remember its purpose is protection. Not protection in any one kind of weather, but under *all* conditions.

BURBERRY OVERCOATS

made from fine Burberry-proofed Tweeds and Coatings, provide the

Best of Weatherproofs on Wet Days, and Warmest of Overcoats when it's Chilly

as well as the lightest, and most comfortable, coats for mild days.

At Burberrys there are always

10,000 Overcoats to Choose from

—overcoats for town, country, travel and sport—all tailored from materials that are Warm without Weight and Proof without Heat.

The Urbitor Burberry

BURBERRYS *Ltd.* **HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.I**

PETER ROBINSON

300

301

Coats and Wraps

(First Floor)

300. Short Evening Coat in various Tinsels and other Brocades. Collar of beige or grey Hare Flank. Lined with Crêpe de Chine.

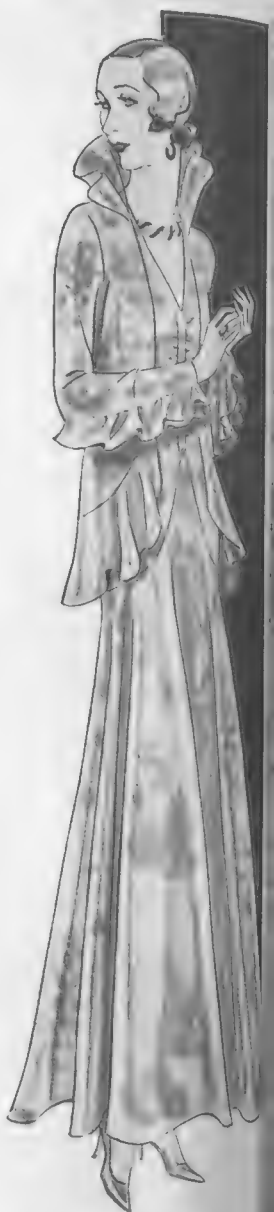
7½ gns.

301. Smart Evening Coat in various Brocades trimmed with grey or beige Hare. Lined with Satin.

10 gns.

Catalogue of AUTUMN FASHIONS sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD.,
Oxford St. & Regent St., W.1
Telephone No. : Museum 7700.



Dainty Gow and Coatee

EVENING Two-pie... Chené Taffeta. ... beige with red and green ... design. Medium size.

PRICE

£7/18/6

ARMY & NAVY
CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY L...
WESTMINSTER,
LONDON S.W.1

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- OR £1 PER MONTH.

Open a credit account with **Smartwear.** No deposit, no references required. No extra for outsizes. Visit our Showrooms or write for Ladies' Catalogue Dept. A.16, "Smartwear for Gentlemen," Dept. T, **Smartwear Ltd., Radnor House, 93-97, Regent St., London, W.1.** 'Phone: Regent 2371.

Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

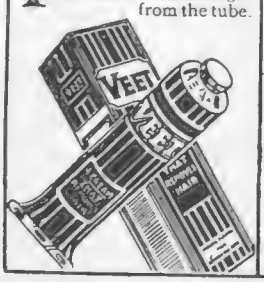
tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, **2/6** or direct—

HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

One-Two-Three! And Ugly Hairs Are Gone!

It's just as simple as that—no razor—no irritation—no unpleasant odour—no bother—no bristly regrowth.

1 Apply VEET, a dainty perfumed cream, straight from the tube.



2 After a few minutes wash off. Not a hair remains, not even a shadow.

3 And the skin is soft and smooth, as if there never had been any hair on it.

D·H·Evans

Present the newest Autumn Models in Twilfit

English Made Fully Guaranteed Regd.

-and make an interesting Suggestion*

Model BY.5006. This Twilfit Girdle is fashioned on the newest lines and is lightly boned, having three bones only —one in the front and two at the back. Support is given by reinforcing and scientific stitching. Fashioned in Pink Brocade. Sizes: 26—36 ins. *Post free* **25/6**

Model BY.01347. Twilfit Corselet in Pink Broché, lightly boned and having insets of strong elastic. The bust is of swathelene, shaped to give a semi-uplift bust effect. Bust sizes 32—42 ins. *Post free* **16/11**

* The New Twilfit Washing Outfit.

THE WONDERFUL NEW TWILFIT WASHING OUTFIT comprises soap and brush, specially made by two of the leading English manufacturers. This outfit, complete with washing instructions, will be supplied to "Twilfit" customers at the nominal price of **9d** The actual value of the soap and brush in each outfit is **1/3.**

If ordered separately, postage 3d. extra. Sent post free if included with Twilfit Corsets.

Write to Dept. 48 for new season's illustrated catalogue, post free

D. H. EVANS & Co. Ltd., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY

Model Millinery Department—First Floor.

A DELIGHTFUL SMALL BLACK FELT HAT with inlet of finely pleated satin ribbon, becomingly arranged to form cascades at sides. Price **4 gns.**

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street (Cavendish Square), London, W.1

Your evening outfit, Sir!

Come to Robinson & Cleaver for your evening kit. Choose your collars, ties, shirts and other incidentals from a wide selection of different styles — correct in every detail and surprisingly inexpensive. Go over your evening gear now and replace and replenish at Robinson & Cleaver, of Regent St.

Linen Fronted or Fancy Piqué with one or two studholes in front. Bodies of fine longcloth. Closed front or coat style.

Linen Fronted, **11/6** *and* **14/6.**
Piqué Fronted, **12/6** *and* **14/6.**

Our celebrated Castle collars, faced Irish Linen. Full selection of the most fashionable shapes. Per dozen **11/-**

Dress Ties in the most up-to-date materials and shapes. **1/6, 2/6** *and* **3/6** *each.*

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.

156-168, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

NEW TWEED ENSEMBLES

BY

HARVEY NICHOLS of KNIGHTSBRIDGE

TWEED SUIT. *Cardigan jacket is belted and has stand collar, lined Crepe de Chine throughout to match. Skirt box pleated in front. In S.W., W., O.S. In Brown, Green, Red, and Black/White mixtures.*

Price 5½ Gns.

On the Right.

TWEED TAILORMADE SUIT. *Coat has long, strapped panels on sides and stand collar in natural Black Musquash, lined throughout. Well tailored wrap skirt. In Black/White, Brown, Fawn and a few good colours. In W. and O.S. sizes.*

Price 12½ Gns.

TAILOR SUIT *in Herringbone Tweeds. Well cut belted Coat with stand collar and patch pockets, lined throughout. New wrap skirt on shaped yoke. In Blue, Clerical and Brown. In S.W., W. and O.S. sizes.*

Price 8½ Gns.

CUSHIONS AT SPECIAL PRICES. *Having purchased at much below to-day's market price a parcel of Silk Brocades and Metal Brocades, we have designed and arranged these into 600 CUSHIONS, all filled with Down, and marked at most attractive prices, ranging from* ***18/9*** *to* ***69/6*** *Each.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & Co, LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Photo by Bertram Park

"[illegible]" An example of the larger brims for the Autumn. Featherweight felt with tucks each side of brim and trimmed narrow Petersham ribbon. In all new Autumn colours and all head sizes. Price **30/-**

A selection of Hats sent on approval on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

New Illustrated Catalogue now ready, Post Free.

By Appointment

ROBERT HEATH, Ltd.

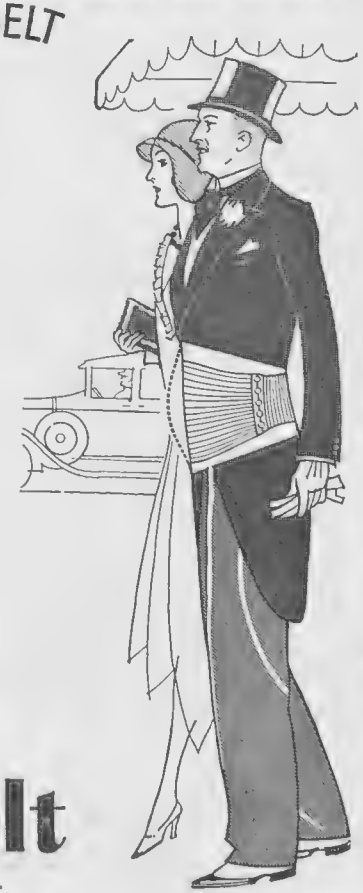
ONLY ADDRESS: Sloane 7285, 7286.

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

By Appointment

WHERE APPEARANCE COUNTS

MEN WEAR THIS *BELT



Where irreproachable attire and a well-groomed appearance are *de rigueur*, you will find many men rely on a Linia Belt. For this neat, light support unobtrusively keeps the outline trim and gently massages away any tendency to a bulging waistcoat. It is all flexible, porous, elastic—quite free and easy and very comfortable to wear. Yet it lends such perfect support to abdominal muscles which might otherwise sag that you maintain a youthful and athletic figure.

Recommended by doctors for all sports wear. Send or call to-day for free illustrated booklet. A day without the Linia Belt is a day's loss of youth and activity.

POST ORDERS. Write giving exact measurement round girth and full depth required in front (usually 9 or 10ins.). We guarantee to fit you perfectly or to refund your money. Price 2½ guineas.

Sold only at our special branch for Men's Abdominal Wear.

J. G. ROUSSEL,
173, REGENT STREET, W.1.

*The

Linia Belt

Recommended by Doctors.

Any Doctor will confirm this—

a DROP in temperature is even more serious than a RISE; it denotes weakened resistance to lurking ills.

CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

The main object of children's underwear should be a steady temperature. The Pure Wool yarn used in Chilprufe is most effective in this—even a "penetratingly" cold winter cannot disturb the wearer's ease and safety. Smooth, yielding, light . . . . Chilprufe may be given with confidence in advancing childhood as in the earliest months of life.

These serviceable, safely laundered garments for winter are available at Gooch's in a large range of sizes and models, special provision being made for boys not yet old enough for adults' garments. General reduction in prices.

NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST on application

GOOCH'S

OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.3

'Phone: Kensington 5100.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross) ('Phone: Tem 3161.)
3 TIMES DAILY at 2.15—5.15—8.15.
GRAND INTERNATIONAL
VARIETY PROGRAMME.

REGAL Marble Arch
Padd. 9911
HERBERT MARSHALL
AND NORAH BARING IN
"MURDER"

HOTELS

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
A famous Hotel which has celebrated its centenary, but is modern in all its appointments. Real comfort and quiet await you. Electric lift, private suites, central and electric heating, large public rooms, famous chef, first-class cuisine and vintage wines. Write for illustrated booklet.
Inclusive terms from 4½ Guineas.

BRIGHTON
SILLWOOD HALL HOTEL
Sunny, sheltered. In own grounds facing sea, between West Pier and Hove Lawns. Away from traffic. Gas fires bedrooms, radiators. Winter garden. Billiard room. Selected wines. Garage in own grounds.
Daily inclusive terms from 17/6. **Weekly from 4½ Guineas.**
Telephone: 218011. Illustrated booklet on application.

Sunny Days
at Ye Old Manor House Hotel
Mundesley-on-Sea, Norfolk.
Delightfully situated with glorious views of Sea and Country. Fully Licensed. Best English Cooking. Real comfort and excellent attendance. Close to 18-hole golf course.
Under the personal supervision of T. A. ROSS.

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE BYSTANDER," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," and "BRITANNIA AND EVE," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgium business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The First Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research.
AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR **£150,000** for a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 beds to the Hospital.
AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, STRAND, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

DESIGNED FOR YOU!

The widest possible range of models and fittings in which ROYAL ACTA CORSETRY is made is a guarantee of a perfect design for *you*. Graceful, healthful and comfortable to wear—these are the keynotes of the SUPERB ROYAL ACTA CORSETRY. Only materials of the highest quality are used, and every garment is made with scrupulous care by *expert workers*. The photograph shows a pleasing example of this high-class British Corsetry.

Model 61, Flesh Pink - 69/-

Obtainable from all high-class retailers. When ordering by post state size of bust and waist.

Royal Acta
SUPERB CORSETRY

Send for Brochure B. of modern Corsetry with photographs of other models, free from
THE ACTA CORSET COMPANY, LTD., 8, Well Street, E.C.1

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BIARRITZ. HOTEL REGINA & DU GOLF
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OVERLOOKING GOLF AND SEA. SPECIAL WINTER TERMS.
M. CURVEUR, Manager.

Monte Carlo—THE MIRABEAU
Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.
F. SCHIPPER, *Man. Prop.*

BELGIUM.

Antwerp. — **Grand Hotel de Londres,** 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

FRANCE.

Amiens (Somme).—Grand Hotel & Restaurant Picardie.—Entirely new. First-class. A model of comfort. A.A., R.A.C.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned. cuisine&cellar. Phone ev.rm. V.lge.garden.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve,—Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Menton.—Hotel de Venise.—World renowned. 200 rooms, 100 baths. In own park. Central. Sunny.

PAU (Basses Pyrénées) BEAUMONT HOUSE, central, facing English Club, splendid cuisine, reasonable terms.

PARIS.

Bellemont Hotel. — 30, Rue Bassano (Champs-Elysées). First-class family hotel. Full pension from 13/-.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Fur. apts. for sojourn. **89 Av. de Neuilly, NEUILLY s/Seine.** Modern comf., near Bois de Boulogne. Fine view on garden.

Hotel de Nosilles, 9, Rue de la Michodière. Near Opera. Latest comfort. Moderate Terms. Tel. Adr.: Otelnoad 111—Paris.

PARIS—*continued.*

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35 Rue Caumartin.Brit.fam.hotel. Every mod. com. Same hotel: hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

Versailles (S. & O.). For a long stay in Paris live at **"Le Home Versaillais,"** 58, Rue Maréchal Foch. Cheap. comfortable,

ITALY.

Naples.—Parker's Hotel. The only first-class hostelry for Eng. Tourists. Beautifully on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Unlooking Bay, Capri, Vesuvius and the

SWITZERLAND.

Basle. -Hotel Schweizerhof. Opp Railway Sta. First class, leading. mod. comf. Manag. Prop., E.

Berne.—Bellevue Palace and Bernerhof. The only first-class Hotel overlooking and Bernese Alps. Manager, F.

Chesières-Villars. Hotel Belvedere. Every rm. a sunny rm. with bal. & run'g. h. & water. Ex. cooking. Incl. Terms fm

Geneva.—The Beau - Rivage Hotel for English and American Facing the Lake and Mont Blanc.

Geneva.—Carlton Hotel.—Every Moderate charges. Beautiful park. over lake and Mt. Blanc. Tennis. Ideal stay for a holiday.

Geneva.—Grand Hotel de la Paix, lake, up to date. Now one of the best and nicest Hotels in Switzerland.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel. 1st fam. hotel. Hot and cold running Priv. bathrooms. Inc. terms, Frs. 13

BY APPOINTMENT

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST.,W.

BY APPOINTMENT

"SANS SOUCI"
(Regd.)
"The smartest and lightest hat in the world."
No. 4133. A practical hat that can be adapted to any desired shape and will roll for packing. 29/6
Obtainable from any of our Agents or sent on approval on receipt of cash or London reference.

Beautify and protect your skin with FACIAL MASSAGE

AUTUMN winds play havoc with the skin and Facial Massage is the ideal means of repairing or obviating any undesirable after-effects due to exposure. Phyllis Earle specialises in a system of Facial Massage recommended for restoring skin smoothness, removing blemishes, and toning the tissues. A price list will gladly be sent on request.

PHYLLIS EARLE SALONS
32. DOVER STREET, W.1.
Telephone: REGENT 7931 8 (lines).

FINEST VALUE IN FURS

Buy your New Winter Furs in the City "Direct" at Wholesale Prices

OUR attractive low prices are only possible because we are actual manufacturers. In offering our guaranteed furs direct from workrooms to wearer at Wholesale Prices, we claim to give the FINEST POSSIBLE VALUE, no "MIDDLE PROFITS" are put on or extras added to provide for exorbitant shop rents. Ladies who have never "shopped" in the City should visit our Showrooms . . . the wonderful bargains obtainable in magnificent furs will be a revelation.

WRITE FOR NEW SEASON'S CATALOGUE

Seal Musquash

Illustrated is a luxurious New Season's coat in Genuine Seal Musquash, made from lustrous skins of reliable quality. Attractively modelled and gloriously trimmed Sable Squirrel. Very serviceable and thoroughly hard-wearing.

OUR WHOLESALE PRICE 49 GUINEAS

FURS GLADLY SENT ON APPROVAL

Come to the City—It Pays

Don't pay fancy prices for your Furs. Call at our Wholesale Showrooms and test what "Buying Direct" means to you. Typical examples of the Magnificent Value we offer.

SABLE SQUIRREL COATS - - 29 gns.
FINE PONYSKIN COATS - - - 29 gns.
PERSIAN LAMB COATS - - - 45 gns.

Call and compare our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

CITY FUR STORE
Manufacturing Furriers,
64, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.4.
It is important to note our SHOWROOMS are on the FIRST FLOOR

LITTLE BOYS' COATS OF ATTRACTIVE DESIGN

All the Clothes in our Children's Outfitting Department are made from reliable quality materials under the supervision of our experts. Perfectly cut and tailored, the finish and workmanship are of a very high order.

BOY'S COAT in Donegal tweed tan mixture, warmly interlined.

Size for 2 yrs.	18 ins.	Price £5. 5.0
„ „ 3 „	20 „	£5.10.6
„ „ 4 „	22 „	£5.15.6
„ „ 5 „	24 „	£6. 2.6
„ „ 6 „	26 „	£6. 9.6

STITCHED HAT to match, price 37/6

Catalogue post free.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody (LIMITED)
Wigmore Street (Cavendish Square) London W.1

LOUD CHEERS!
it's an 'ivory' tip!

The purest of tips, the smoothest of tips—where will you find it except on those divine De Reszkes?

DE RESZKE

Virginias 10 *for* 6*d.* A NON-COUPON CIGARETTE *Turks* 20 *for* 1

Country House Facilities
in
LIGHTING, HEATING, COOKING

SILVERLITE supplies, at a much lower cost, all the advantages and convenience of both electricity and coal gas with *none* of their disadvantages.
For **COOKING** and **HEATING** it is ideal, enabling the work to be done by the turn of a tap. No coals to carry or fireplaces to be cleaned.
For **LIGHTING** it is highly recommended, giving a soft light more brilliant than electric. All fittings have switch taps, and door-switches can also be provided.
The **MODEL de LUXE** Generator has a *guaranteed* efficiency, over 30% superior to any other type on the market, and is steadily replacing all other types.
SILVERLITE is odourless and non-explosive. The Generator is self-controlled, stops and starts automatically, works without noise or smell, and is so simple that it can be looked after by a maid or gardener.

Write now for the Book on
SILVERLITE
The High Efficiency Petrol-Gas Generator
Worked by Weights or by Small Electric or Water Motor

Electrically-driven Generators for Cooking and Heating a speciality.

CENTRAL HEATING and Pumping INSTALLATIONS.

PENSERS
(London) Ltd.,
, London Street,
addington, W.2
ndat Edinburgh.

SAYINGS OF FAMOUS MEN.

BURKE.

"Great empires and little minds go ill together," said Burke in the greatest of his speeches. A close parallel is that great love and little provision go ill together. Every man with a wife and family dependent on his earnings must realise that it is his duty to leave them enough to live on. Only an assurance policy can create an immediate capital.

THE ANNUAL CASH BONUS POLICY

of THE STANDARD LIFE ensures the maximum provision at minimum cost.

Under this scheme the Bonus is declared annually in Cash and applied to reduce the following year's premium. The Bonus increases yearly and the Premium decreases yearly, with the result that in a few years the annual premium payable is considerably less than the *cheapest non-profit premium.*

Write for a copy of Leaflet "Y.19," which explains this novel and attractive plan.

The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1825
LONDON
46 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4
15A PALL MALL S.W.1
INDIA
CALCUTTA – DALHOUSIE SQUARE
BOMBAY – HORNBY ROAD
HEAD OFFICE – 3 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

It's a family Institution!

They all regard the Underwood Portable as a family institution, though it's really father's. So Mother's letters and Dad's reports, John's poems and Betty's social work sometimes come into collision! But the Underwood gets through it all—neatly and quickly.

Why don't you adopt an Underwood Portable into your household? You will appreciate its light touch, easy manipulation and unfailing service.

Fill in the coupon for a free trial.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO., LIMITED,
BUSH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2.
Tel: Temple Bar 7722
or from dealers and high-class Stationers everywhere
Underwood, Elliott-Fisher, Sundstrand — Speed the World's Business. Sales and Service everywhere.

The Underwood PORTABLE

EASY TERMS
21/- with order and 14 monthly payments.

FREE TRIAL
Underwood Typewriter Company Limited, Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2
Please send me illustrated booklet No. 30, together with details of the Free Trial offer, and list of addresses of your Branches and Agents.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

"And then to my attentive ears was unfolded the tale which I here put down."

A beautiful story of Napoleon

Napoleon Bonaparte. From the painting by Delaroche now hanging in Buckingham Palace.

" Wild packing, hurried departure, followed on the part of the Dohna family. When Napoleon arrived he found an empty house. Only an old servant had remained in charge, who showed the French through the Schloss : beautiful reception rooms, furnished with the most exquisite taste of the period. Finckenstein has remained practically as it was then to this day. It was a change after the miserable quarters Osterode could offer the Emperor. Napoleon was delighted with Finckenstein.

* * * *

EVENING had set in on one of the last days of April. The pink line of the horizon glowed faintly ; the clear spring sky was of a deep blue tint. In one of the three rooms that formed Napoleon's private suite, the master of Europe was standing with his back to the great china stove that occupied a whole corner of the room. His hands were clasped behind him, in the characteristic attitude. He enjoyed the warmth. Napoleon was dictating to an officer bending over a writing table overflowing with papers and charts. The quill pen could scarcely follow the imperious flow of words that fell from the Emperor's lips.

The hour was late. Napoleon suddenly glanced at the clock and gave the sign of dismissal. The tired secretary heaved an inward sigh of relief as he backed out of the presence.

Napoleon went up to the window, scanned the sky, " She has a fine night for her journey," he thought. He pulled the bell. Constant, his faithful valet, appeared. Napoleon inquired once again if everything was in readiness for the expected guest, if the lights were lit on the little private staircase leading from his dressing-room to the garden. She would come that way. Constant assured him that everything was in order. Still the Emperor thought he would make sure. Crossing his bedroom, the centre of which was occupied by an imposing canopied bed, hung with red damask, Napoleon passed through his dressing-room. Here he opened a door and entered a room cosily and prettily furnished. At his orders most of Countess Dohna's personal furniture had been moved into it. Books, vases with sweet-scented flowers, stood on the tables. Constant had done his work well. Napoleon approvingly pinched his ear and returned to his study, to pace up and down in his impatient vigil.

Meanwhile a heavy carriage of the kind so inappropriately called a *dormeuse* was jolting and bumping over the ruts of the sodden spring roads. It had two occupants, a man and woman whose likeness proclaimed them brother and sister. The woman was young, slight, with a wealth of golden hair dressed in the approved Grecian fashion ; insignificant features, redeemed by wonderful dreamy blue eyes. . . ."

Marie Colonna Walewska. From the miniature by Robert Lefebvre.

The story of Marie Colonna Walewska, the Polish Countess who loved Napoleon for love and love alone.

By

The Baroness Buxhoeveden

Don't miss it—in the October

BRITANNIA and EVE

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE